25¢ in Stores

View from the Bottom

funky ol' new haven

vol. 2 no. 4 (virgo)

LONNIE

Peter Friedland

You gotta hand it to the jury, the judge, and whoever their more sophisticated friends and influencers are. On the same morning that they could read about how the "South is Peaceful as Many Schools are Integrated," they could also learn that Black Panther Lonnie McLucas got off with a light rap after 11 weeks of trial and six days of deliberating.

N.Y. Times hypnotees throughout the Power Structure Belt on this end of the country could also find Lonnie's lawyer commenting that at least one Black Revolutionary got a fair trial, and they could learn that Judge Mulvey, despite some racist comments he made earlier in his career in a confidential interview, stuck to the letter of Connecticut law throughout the trial.

The verdict makes it look like the reason the jury got hung the first time was that they were having a hard time putting together a package which had something in it for Everybody.

But, Re-Charged by the Judge, they returned and got it together enough to provide:

LONNIE MCLUCAS with prospects for a short prison term and reprieve from a possible Life-and-Then-Some sentence, (as well as possibility of freedom soon on bail for the small sum of $15,000);

JUDGE MULVEY with a good write-up, in the wake of the moderate sentence and quiet trial, in the NEW YORK TIMES;

THE DEFENSE with a solid victory over the 3 heaviest charges, in the face of initially adverse circumstances, given the fact that Lonnie admitted in his own testimony that he had put a bullet into Rackley's body;

THE PROSECUTION with having established that Rackley was killed, by a group of Panthers, for ambiguous reasons, leaving the key question who was responsible for setting up Rackley's killing unresolved to be faced by the jury in Bobby Seale's trial;

LONNIE'S SUPPORTERS IN THE MOVEMENT with the feeling that their propagandizing, their threatening presence, either in New Haven all summer, or the possibility that they would come to New Haven if Lonnie got screwed, may have scared the jury.

NEW HAVEN'S DOWNTOWN STORE OWNERS AND BANKERS with absolution from a heavy rash of trashing by irate McLucas supporters.

BUT

A local lawyer observed that although every time a jury makes a move in any direction, there's always some clown around wh sees it as vindication of the jury system/trial/legal system,' this one was a genuine disappointment and defeat for New Haven's legal and police power structure. The cops and the state really wanted to get Lonnie, having fired four "barrels" at him, and they blew it, he says. They didn't get Lonnie, except on the lightest charge, because Koskoff managed to establish that Lonnie was terrorized into participating in the killing. And even better, they missed the first step toward getting Bobby. By acknowledging that Lonnie didn't conspire to set the thing up by "kidnapping" Rackley, the jury implied that they saw Sams as the main conspirator. Which means that the killing was not a carefully planned, cooly executed operation by the Panther Party. Which could suggest that the jury had doubts about the claim that Bobby ordered the killing.

(Of course, this is all a bit speculative, since in theory, evidence in Lonnie's trial is not supposed to influence the course of any other trials, but in reality, how could it not?)

"It seems to me that they laid the groundwork for getting Bobby off," commented the lawyer.

A legal observor also noted that he thought the jury might have been scared by the threat of action in New Haven in response to a bad verdict, and this may have helped bring about the not guiltys on three of the four charges.

He compared it with the reversal of the guilty verdict on Huey P. Newton, because "there too, people were saying that if he gets convicted, the sky's the limit."

Figuring out how much the jury, the judge, and even the prosecution were influenced by "outside factors" is probably the most difficult thing about the whole situation. No doubt the fact that people were in New Haven specifically for Lonnie's trial buoyed Lonnie's spirit, as Koskoff pointed out in a press conference afterward.

But beyond that, it is important for people who spent a difficult two months trying to "work around" Lonnie's trial to try to figure out how much influence they had, and whether it was worth their time to the extent that they should continue to do so in coming months.

It's also important because the degree of influence exerted by the movement on trials of its people is an indication of the power, or lack of it, of the left at this point in America.

In this respect, the vigil that was called by the Panthers, the Panther Defense Committee, and the Liberation School, was significant. In planning sessions for the vigil, Liberation School people acknowledged that, judging from their experience through the summer in New Haven, it was unlikely that an effort to get another May Day would be successful. There was simply not enough interest, enthusiasm, or awareness about the trial in either New Haven or in movement groups in other cities to be able to draw more than several hundred people at the most to several rallies since May.

But Huey Newton called for a national rally, and at a press conference just prior to the end of the trial, John Froines and William Kunstler joined in reversing this limited strategy and called for people to come from all over the country, "by all means, at any costs."

"We are calling upon people to fulfill the pledge to come back to New Haven that was made at May-Day," said Froines to the reporters.

It didn't work. There were never more than several hundred people in front of the courthouse through what turned into the longest jury deliberation in Connecticut history, and most times there were less than a hundred.

Several times, the group violated Mulvey's injunction and crossed the street to the front of the courthouse. They were pushed back by about fifty state and city police. Ten people were arrested over the six days, all on petty or unreal charges. The police showed their power when they moved right into the middle of the group and arrested four people, a Panther woman among them, for shouting across the street at the police.

"You better not try anything because I've got more police than you've got demonstrators," a police officer told one of the coordinators of the vigil.

Thus it was probably a mixture of this lack of people, the moderate verdict, and the sheer lengh length of the deliberation, which resulted in silence (aside from a brief downtown march immediately after the verdict) and peace in New Haven on the part of the movement.

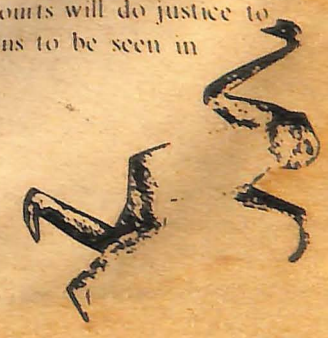
SO? WHAT?

So What does Lonnie's trial tell us? Should we be thankful that it wasn't a complete kangaroo court in the knowledge that sometimes our brothers and sisters can avoid getting liquidated when they get caught in the crunch?

Or, does the verdict make it harder for the movement to talk about the court system as a tool of a campaign of repression which the government is building? Won't it make it harder to argue that trials are political, that the courts are racist, and that revolutionaries, black or white, cannot get fair trials in America?

When Koskoff was aked whether he thought this trial meant that black revolutionaries could get a fair trial in America, he replied, "One grain of sand doesn't make a beach." Movement people no doubt will have trouble finding the trial, if not the verdict, fair, since there were so many injustices in the way the case was tried, (among them the judge's refusal to permit defense witnesses to testify about Sams' history as a "maniac") and will be waiting to see whether, Lonnie's verdict notwithstanding, the government and Markle succeed in getting Bobby.

For, the significance of Lonnie's trial, and whether it was a defeat or a victory for the prosecution, depends on how you look at the whole series of indictments. If you agree with the official Panther view that the indictment against Bobby for the Rackley killing was a result of a FBI-CIA-Department of Justice plot, and is therefore a political frame-up, then a definitive answer to the question of whether the courts will do justice to black revolutionaries remains to be seen in Bobby's upcoming trial.



HUEY

KICKING THE WORLD IN THE ASS INTERVIEW INTERVIEW WITH HUEY

LNS: There are about 5 or 6 important movement trials coming up in the fall. How do you think we should relate to that many trials at one time.

NEWTON: It's going to become more and more difficult to relate to the court system and the trials at all. I think right now we're at a turning point, and in the very near future we won't have to have that kind of educational thing. It'll be at a higher level. What level that is, I think the people will make and decide. I think the Marin event, the colossal event, was some indication of what might happen in the future.

LNS: What is the New World Liberation Front?

NEWTON: The New World Liberation Front will really be a new international. It will be a coalition of many different groups in this country, many ethnic groups. The Black Panther Party will be a caucus, the broader front. The NWLF will represent all struggling people throughout the world. Actually its already been launched through the conference that was held in Korea recently. We have high hopes that this will be a structure that will be able to construct a viable revolutionary movement.

LNS: What would you say has changed most from when you went into jail to when you got out?

NEWTON: The consciousness of the people has really increased. People are generally much more aware. The younger kids, the high school kids have about the most revolutionary class at this time. It really impressive because I can see the difference between just 33 months ago and now. I probably can see it clearer than someone who's been out, because when I was out I knew what was happening then, then I was absent, and suddenly when I got out I could see the big leap, which wasn't a leap really. Perhaps you could see the transformation as a very gradual thing, but it seemed to me one giant leap forward.

LNS: Do you think there's a revolutionary potential for youth culture or do you think that's a side track?

NEWTON: I think the dropout and drug culture, and the dropout youth movement is the transitional stage. I think the youth will drop out, and then they'll start dropping back in again after they see that they can't find any peace by separating. I think the youth movement a t this time is another manifestation of the separatist idea that many black nationalists preached just a few years ago. I think the youth drug culture is just another manifestation of the "we'll get out of the whole thing" idea. But we're starting to find out that we can't separate because imperialism won't allow us to separate.

LNS: With this New World Liberation Front, do you think people from that drop-out culture, as they become revolutionaries, will be a part of it?

NEWTON: Yes, I think they'll drop back in, and when they do they'll be very political because of having experienced everything short of violence, ev running away, through drugs and so forth. But wl they come back, they'll come back very serious an they'll see the only salvation is to transform what' here, and they can't go anywhere else.

LNS: Can you tell us about the plans to send people to Vietnam?

NEWTON: Yes, the Black Panther Party, after making the statement, we kind of put the cart before the horse because after making the statement, we sent the document, and we should have sent th document first, I guess, We sent the document to Provisional Revolutionary Government, also to the Paris Peace talks, and to the National Liberation Front, and to the North Vietnamese Government. We're now waiting for a reply. We offered troops to the Vietnamese people in the spirit of revolutionary solidarity and internationalism. On one level this is a friendship gesture,on another level it is a very real political act, in the sense that it will strike at the very roots of the war..... I think our first group will be from 30 to 50 men, and it will be a very decisive thing on the battlefield, because many of our buddies will come over and fight with us, against the cowardly American aggressors, you see? This will change the whole relationship there, and also I think it will change the whole attitude of this country..... I only know it will be a colossal event if the troops are accepted. There's been a certain amount of feedback in the last week since we made this offer, and all of it has been very favorable. The Vietnamese at the various embassies were overjoyed at this offer, but of course it will have to go to the very top for a decision to be made, and we're waiting right now to see what that will be.

"DON'T TREAD ON ME!!"

National Women's Day, Wednesday August 26, 1970, New Haven, Connecticut. Wow!! What an incredible day. Think of it. Women actually getting together and rapping intelligently!! (Impossible?? No, not at all!)

Booths were set up on the Chapel Street side of the lower green, and rap sessions were organized to be held in the Exit.

I can't say much about what happened on the green, because most of my day was spent in the Exit. At one point, though, I did go to the green, and was called such things as a "bra-less traitor", and a "dyke". The people (?) who were speaking to me were older **women,** *who probably feel very threatened in their own life styles by the mere existence of Women's Liberation. This is just one example of how fucked this society is.*

Meanwhile, inside the Exit, it doesn't seem possible to me now, that there were at times, as many as 300 women rapping about problems concerning all women. We rapped about so many things, subjects ranging from birth and population control, to the sexual exploitation of women. Women of all ages, and backgrounds came to the Exit that day, and what really impressed so many, was that most of those who came are really concerned about themselves and what happens to them, and what we can do to change a system that has been fucking women over for generations.

Later that Night—*A six piece rock band playing to a packed hall. All Women, including the band!!!*

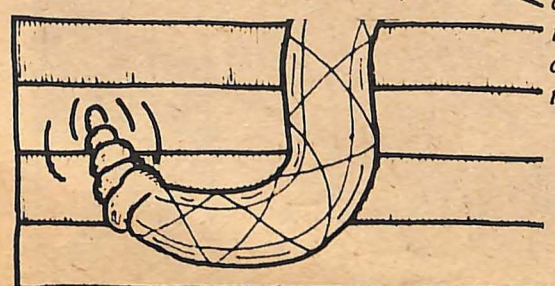
What kind of fucked up chicks **are these?** *Don't they dig men?* **Yes,** *we dig men, and we dig each* **other.**

We were so beautiful. Some of us danced our asses off, and some of us just grooved on our very own rock band. Lyrics that told what we are, not what Mick Jagger, James Brown, or Neil Young think we are.

Some other material, "Shot-Gun", dedicated to Valerie Selonas, (the chick who shot Andy Warhol) "Ode to Billy Joe", dedicated to the Abortion Reform group. And Jennifer's incredibly beautiful version of "Summertime":

Summertime '70 an the livin' ain't easy
Fish ain't jumpin' and the cotton ain't high.
People are fightin', and my sisters are in jail,
Be brave my sisters—time will tell.

One of these mornins, I'm gonna rise up singin'
I'm gonna spread my wings and I'll take to the sky,
But till that mornin', there ain't nothin' can harm me,
With all my sisters standing by me!!!



"Bread and Roses? Did somebody say Bread and Roses?"
"Yeah, let's go get some food there."
"But I thought they closed up."
"So did I, but I just read in the latest issue of VFB that they're reopening Sept. 18, and that's today."
"I've never been there, what's it like?"
"Well, it's located at 538 State St., right next to the Liberation School and the illustrious offices of VFB. It's a coffeehouse of da people, by da people, and for da people. They serve everything from health shakes to tuna fish sandwiches. They also serve da people. And on their newspaper racks you can always find the latest issues of VFB, Modern Times, Marvel Comics, the..."
"Did you say Marvel comics!"
"yeah."
"Where's the place?"
"538 State St."
"Far out, let's go."

It looks like the public schools in New Haven are going to start off this year with a teacher's strike. Talk of a strike has been present for a long time. The teachers are asking for better pay and benefits, but also for a plan for more effective schools. This involves things such as reducing the maximum class size, which is now 34. A Superior Court injunction forbidding the strike puts each teacher under threat of a daily fine of $500, jail, or both, for each day they stay out, but the teachers appear to be ignoring that.

The past year has shown more and more people that the New Haven Board of Education means little if anything, when it talks of relating to the community. This came out last year in controversies between the board and the community at Scranton and Katherine Brennan Schools. A more recent example is that the board decided to relate to the teachers and people of New Haven by running a full page ad in the New Haven Register every day this past week telling where they're at. A one day run full page ad in the Register costs about $500.

Personally, I don't know how to relate to all this education bullshit. I got shat out of the New Haven school system a year and a half ago feeling that the whole thing sucks. It was a bad trip that lasted for 12 years of my life. There was constantly talk of making things more effective, but nothing real ever happened and every year people got more brainwashed and moronic. In six months of bumming around America, I learned more about surviving and enjoying life than I ever got in public school.

Above it all, though, in my less cynical moods I still feel some hope for an educational system that can serve people without brainwashing them. In North Vietnam, students build their own schools, and then rebuild them when they get bombed by American planes. The experience gives the school a value. Teachers and community people have been working together in New Haven since March to set up an alternative in the event of a strike. The close contact brought about by working together may lead to a viable alternative.

Anyone interested should contact Mary Johnson at 387-7858 or the New Haven Federation of Teachers at 387-7298.

The Unschool of New Haven is being set up by 3 full-time professionals and a large staff of volunteers. They are looking for students and dropouts who can't and won't function in the public schools.

The program of the Unschool will be set up around the needs and desires of the students. Students will develop themselves using the tools and knowledge of other members of the Unschool and their general community and environment.

The Unschool will relate mainly to people in or just out of grades 9 - 12, but one doesn't have to be in that position to get in. Enrollment will be about 50 full and part-time students. The Unschool will be seeking accreditation.

The three full-time staff will get a yearly salary of $900. The Unschool is seeking financing but will have to charge students in order to get started and stay functioning for awhile. Cost will range from $225 to $675, but there will be scholarships. That works out to about $7 or $8 per week. Don't get hung up on cost. Check the place out.

At present, the Unschool has no building. They have an office at 101 Howe St. phone/ 624-1030.

Somebody told me to emphasize that not all students will or need be full time. So I'm emphasizing it. Not all students will be full-time.

U.S. DEPT. OF HOWE

FOOD

A lot of us freaks allow ourselves to be ripped off by missing cheap survival opportunities. And a lot of us are panhandling each other. What a drag!

This column is intended to become a regular feature of the View. It is obviously only a bare beginning. Sometime soon all us View people are going to get together for one of our rare meetings and trade survival tricks. We're going to stick mostly to legal hustles here. We know of others that work, but to risk printing them in the View would probably blow them for everybody. That's what happened when the Seed tried a similar thing in Chicago. If you have any good hustles, write us about them, and you may find them in View.

This issue is mostly about food. **Chuck Wagon (62 Howe) and the Chef's Corner (411 State)** *are the two best places I've found where you can fill your belly cheaply with down home funky grub. At Chuck Wagon, a generous plate of pork and beans, a big piece of pie and a coke costs only $1.30 and fills me up.*

Bread & Roses (538 State St.), *run by volunteer movement help, has a pleasant atmosphere. Some items are expensive, but the health food dishes are cheap and good.*

Our Food Store (1241 Chapel), *another non-profit operation, is the only genuine macrobiotic health foods store in town. And the atmosphere is friendly and much more unhassled than any other store in the city. Unfortunately, health food is expensive, but if you can plan ahead and buy in bulk quantities you can survive cheaply.*

If you have a little bread and are tired of plastic or greasy burgers, boycott the usual hip hangouts and roadside chains and bop into **Yankee Doodle (258 Elm just below York)** *. For 35 cents they make the best hamburger I've had here.* **Louis' Lunch (202 (George)** *is good for sandwiches, though it is quite expensive.*

Pizza places and Chinese places are good because they encourage communal sharing. The best pizza places are on Wooster St: **Sally's (237 Wooster), The Spot (163 Wooster) and Pepi's (157 Wooster).** *Legend has it that Pepi's invented the dish.* **Naples (2 Whitney Ave.)** *has good pizza, but don't go there because they refuse to deliver on the hill. Needless to say, if you have a large party, it pays to order one large pizza instead of a small one for each person.*

Clark's Dairy (74 Whitney) and Gogi's (32 Howe-corner George) *serve the best ice cream in town. Karmelkorn is a rip-off. Don't buy ice cream by the cone, buy by the half-pint and share. You get twice as much ice cream (all 2 people can eat) for a 35 cent half-pint as for a 35 cent cone.*

Liberation School (532 State St.) *has organized a food conspiracy. By pooling orders from a large number of people, they are able to buy wholesale. We got an ear of corn for .05 and a dozen large eggs for .45 a couple weeks ago. Check it out at 532 State St. and put in your order before 5 pm Friday each week. You can pick up your food Saturday afternoon.*

Shoplifting has become increasingly risky this summer (freaks are obvious targets for watchful eyes of store dicks), and is usually not worth the risk unless you look straight or are awfully quick. But Yale is very easy to rip off.

CLOTHES: I haven't checked out Goodwill, Helping Hands, or the Salvation Army, but I just bought two nice pairs of shorts at the **Hadassah Thrift Shop (corner Howe-Chapel)** *for .40. I don't know how much they dig freaks, but they sure have nice, cheap clothes. Know your size, because they won't allow try-ons in the store.*

PAPER PUSHERS

NEW HAVEN

Beaver Hill Pharmacy
Bookworld
Brand X
Chapel Book Shoppe
Cutler's II
Exit
Hungry Charley's
Liverpool
Our Food Shop
Red's News Stand
Renaissance
Tinker Shoppe
Yale Co-op

HAMDEN

Current Crafts
Music Box

MIDDLETOWN

Huntington's
Sights & Sounds
Watt & Decible

NEW BRITAIN

Image Boutique
Silvercraft
Yoga Boutique

MERIDEN

ASHA
Fever Tree

NEWINGTON

Doll Factory

PLAINVILLE

Garfield Jones
Rose Shop

HARTFORD

The Fence
Huntington's - Htfd.
Huntington's - West Htfd.
Kamala
Mother's Nature
Record Den - West Htfd.
Sandal Shop
UFO

WATERBURY

Chess King
Pazazz
Window Display

WESTPORT

Maj Antique Jewelery
The Leather Guild
Record Hunter
Remarkable Bookshop

VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM

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10 Booked, 5 Youths Referred After 3 Marijuana Incidents

re fe C al re in ec of an 29 corc Ren recei was the after Rudy was der M At the y sion plant and pi belonge were Fi Altman and Mar Woodwa and Ra Taylor I

involved were Pa- k, Freder- John Cal- rbett and e released ar and are before the ct. 6. were ar- niles re- rt after nvesti- over- and o be .. Pa- emann ven by Houstan in the r assist- William While ne of v a t f o r- le; of 85 16, of m T. t St., venile e re- ities. luled cuit e

IN THIS LONG DREAM WE CALL THE REAL WORLD the blue cars wheel
around the block every five minutes
and the black ones with whip aerials
& the little red phones on the
telephone poles are ringing constantly
here is this skinny man in a cheap
palmbeach suit & straw
hat here he is coming to
our door "probable cause" we
had a tipoff you guys sellin dope
STEP ASIDE FELLA
& in this long dream the air is
filled with pepper gas &
the national guard got their tanks
parked in the lots at State U, gonna "seal off"
the park
& this week they take us out of our
house & put us in the wagon
"narcotics raid" & in jail
the bondsman wants to know
do we have any property for
collateral .tin voice drone &
time's up, phone wheeled down
to next cell creeking on tin cart
.here is seventyfive yr old drunk almost dead man
"follow me pops" & falls over on
his back eyes rolld up &
the junkies in the next cell screaming high awful
needle need screams & here in this
long dream we sit, living on prison grade
hamburger & wonder bread, waiting for
the judge

Once upon a time we went to college & we
all thought that time was on our side & the niggers
played basketball & we studied words & drank
gin .& we decided we would write poems & be
mildly renowned & read in universities & play
guitars & go to the festi-
vals .BUT THEN WE found out
that business men w/ thin grey suits & thin grey faces
were directing the dream, which starred The Cops,
armed forever & scared sick, & The Judge who always
askd you where do you work & do you own yr own
& how long & if so we can make a deal w/ the D A
& if not . .
& the dream kept dragging itself & you
down into the cavern where everyone sits around
waiting to be busted
HA.& you wanted
to write poems you knew that eventually they
would come out & you could start the words going
& they would tell you where to go, by themselves, & they
could be nonsense really, no one would mind, its
all fun we'll smoke a joint & think up a line
& you think up a line and we'll put it all together
& make a big
word bird that will fly of its own accord
because words are fun because we read the
books because we know
where we are, 20th century, anything goes,
fast cars, aluminum foil, peace & love,
twist-o-flex, the Modern Miracle,
rock & roll .but what happened, everyone
got guns & started shooting
& it seemed anyone who had the least
amount of sense got shot & most of them
died & everyone said it was a tragedy
& what we need is more law
& order & uniforms & lets develop some
new weapons look like nothing I ever seen
six foot caged-in needle engine, spurts
this gas you cant wash off &
Macy's lined w/ pantygirdles & party
favors boarded up, "protect our interests" &
now nobody listening to the distraction bands
everyone watching the sky explode in flashes of
gas rolling over Old Campus, where
are the exits, the musicians gasping &
Ginsberg chanting in clouds of gas--
& now no poems or holy noises left to check the
choking billow & his voice, defeated, saying
please leave the area please move slowly to
yr left please dont panic

Pro

An ir into was narco accord

The Thursda raids in that netted a 000 in m and 11 s es.

Elias wounded when two the door to ment and ing a loade them.

Capt. Jo the Detec ficers Jer

48 Arrested

Police Push Sweeping Drug Crackdown

Members of the Regional Crime Squad of New Haven County today continued searching for persons named as alleged drug sellers in 71 bench warrants issued by Superior Court.

Forty-eight were arrested and ented in court Thursday. ked up in a co- an at

nard Chapman, 21, c Mill Road; William 17, of 506 Main St.; J ner, 17, of 24 Conta Marlene E. O'Neil, 1 Saw Mill Road and 1 Ahern, 18, of 328 Cente

From Milfo ere Kachila of e Ronald 2 Lane: Hem Lee Sulli of ddress; Se 107 Pump lig William Qu of Ave.: Pete t Merwin a 19, of ve. ald H twell, 86 Y ford, Wate d 50 Ave., dward She of 10 ce; Susan son tona Ave. sted in ange was F asno, of 73 Eas cle, New ven, while ford, two were rested. They were Jeffery Cave, 18, of 19 Little Bay La and Michael P. Campanelli, Sullivan, 21, of

Milford Raids Net Several On Drug Charges

MILFORD—Several teenagers and post-teen-aged men were arrested on assorted drug charges today, resulting from their alleged sales of narcotics.

Raids got under way at 6 a.m. and extended throughout the city, as members of the local police tactical squad and regional crime squad culminated several months of investigation.

Capt. William Bull, co-ordinator of the activities, said that other arrests would follow. Warrants had been issued by State's Attorney Arnold Markle.

Arrested were Peter Kachila of 27 Nutmeg Lane, one count, sale of marijuana; Ronald Ruggiero of 267 Rock Lane, one count, sale of hashish; Fred Ward, 21, of 15 Hemlock St., one count, sale of heroin; and Lee Sullivan, 21, of uncertain address, one count each, sale of marijuana.

Gerald W. Mountain ie Ocasio, Croones, a Reese, nell and $5,000 to 48. . Ahern ing as th Cen- of Po- ere a ed by ad fo- push- rrests tribu- avail- t the aid. were co- ere con- ar- of he ce as w e - , Searles, 20, of Delight Road, one f amphetamines; k, 18, of 73 Bots- e count each, sale ine, sale of mari- ale of hashish; Pe- 22, of 104 Merwin count, sale of heroin Behrle, 19, of 17 Car- Ave., one count, sale of ana. o. Ronald Hartwell, 21, of arwood St., Stratford, 7 ury Ave., and 50 Park Milford, one count, urates, and Ed- of 10 Judson count, sale , of 21 Dea arged with one of barbiturates, e 25th arrest for nce May 29. ranging from $10,000 to have been set for ar- ndpoint.

Three Youths Apprehended On Drug Counts

WEST HAVEN — Three youths were arrested on drug ounts Monday night and three eniles were turned over to authorities after city detspotted suspicious acBrennan Field.

illiam J. MacDonald, 16, of 58 Cherry Lane, was booked on a count of sale of narcotics and possession of marijuana after 10:30 p.m.

Sgt. George Greir ives James mes Tucker. e: Keith Dru rlington St. 18, of counts a ests ca ed five npting t hen the the shore olice found na at the si ing the grou ome of MacL d to have soi nother bag seized at

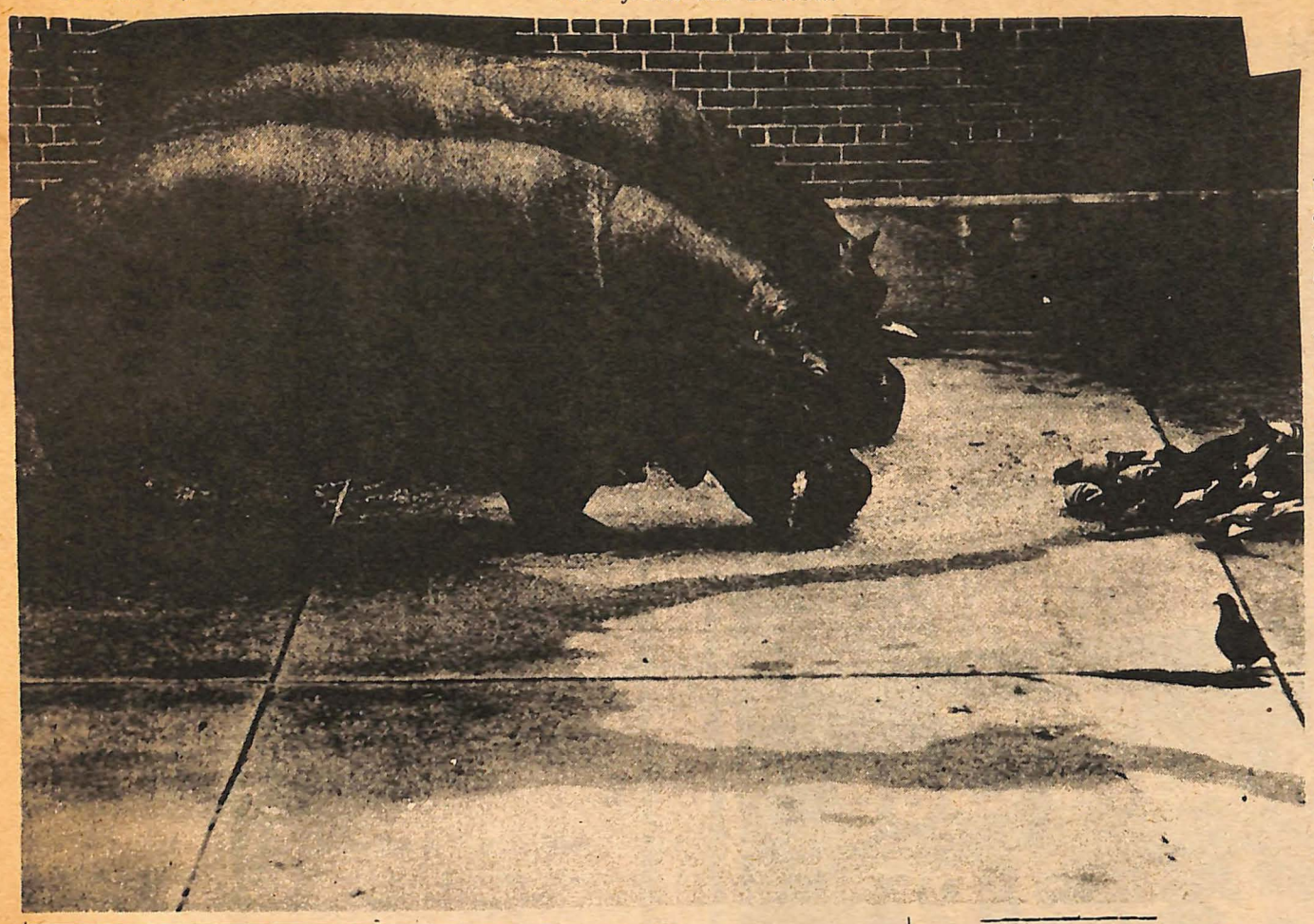
rior lhuly of 68 s, 22, oskins, Charles Donald nes St.; , 24, of th, of 120 E. Elliot, Robert O. Thorn St.;

IN THIS LONG DREAM WE CALL AMERICA the pages
run off filled with rhetoric, Pigs & Heroes & Guns
.& WE ARE ON THE EDGE ABOUT TO FALL OFF & we
know it & THEY know it, with their red eyes
fastened to the blue screen here is the late
news crawling with fear, it will not be much longer
before they feel their TV lips & TV eyes fall & their
broadcast school voices crack, it will not be long
before the pawn shops will be filled with typewriters and guitars
& volumes of words, & it will not be long before we
who thought we would be poets will think of it no more
when the glass splinters .& the guns come out
.& the sky crackles with light

MA KALI GODDESS OF RUIN' SKULLS STRUNG ROUND HER NECK' SITS
IN YR KITCHEN' MOVING HER MANY BLACK ARMS OVER THE OPENING
CRACKS

YOU CANNOT SPRAY HER AWAY

Peter Barrett



we push catnip !

We were wondering how long it was going to take the new wave of repression to catch up to the View, and we got our answer this past weekend when Judy and Dennis were busted Saturday night, and again, along with CR, on Monday morning.

Monday, they burst into our pad Desolation Row, with a warrant alleging that we had smack! They proceeded to find a jar of Catnip, which they confiscated as grass, and two darvons, apparently sufficient grounds to bust us for possession of grass and possession of dangerous drugs.

Of course, the Cat Liberation Front is furious. As for the humans, we are happy that the pigs bungled the job so badly, but apprehensive about the police state we live in, knowing that the scene could be repeated any time.

It is all very frustrating. I am peace-loving, in fact, I came into this thing because I wanted peace in Vietnam, but I can fully understand why people are offing pigs for what the straight press calls no apparent reason. If they were young, and had long hair, or were trying to do anything at all to oppose the policies of the Amerikan milicorpo state, these reporters would have no trouble finding the reason.

I have no way of knowing whether this bust occurred because we had just put out a free issue of the View that had a lot of stuff the pigs didn't like, or whether it happened because the pigs were frustrated at being denied the opportunity to bash some heads in the McLucas thing or just why they wanted to get us now. Of course, the View is not going to let a little harassment stop us from keepin' on truckin'.

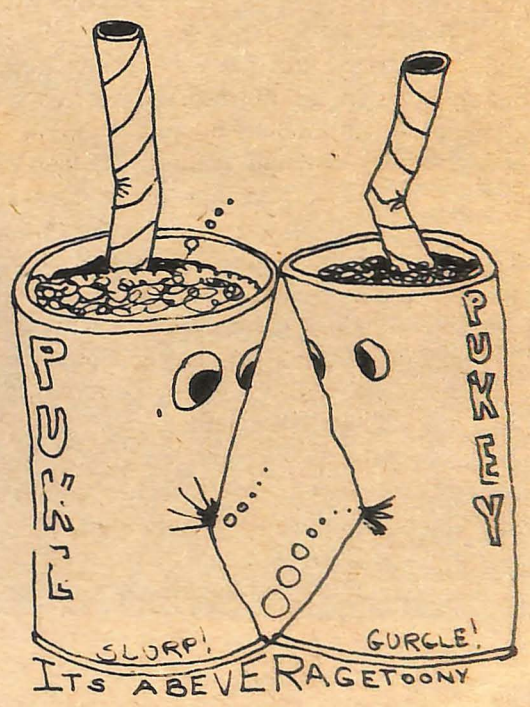
I do know that I have already had more hassles with lawnorder this year than I can count, and that things are most definitely getting worse, even here where the pigs try not to let their repression get too obvious. I have a strong temptation to vent my anger by doing something rash, but I think I will suffer rage and wait till the odds are more in our favor. I think we need to do a lot of organizing to build a strong sense of community and cooperation among New Haven street people. Meanwhile, we better keep our pads clean. The pigs knew who I was, and they probably know who you are, too.

"Oh, you're the guy who's always going around like this (he crouches) taking pictures for that newspaper," said one detective while I was being booked. "What do you do with all those pictures, anyway?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, I've got a file, just like J. Edgar Hoover," I replied.

The detective smiled. "Maybe we can work something out, a trade of some kind. One policeman for a Panther, or 1,000 Panthers for an undercover policeman."

I allowed as how I didn't think those were good odds.



4 Youths Nabbed On Drug Counts

WEST HAVEN — Police arrested four youths early Sunday morning and confiscated a large cache of marijuana valued at over $2,500.

Patrolman Ronald Baia, with the assistance of Patrolman William Maloney, arrested the youths who were stopped on Orange and Front Avenue changing a flat tire on their car.

Arrested were Albert T. Erwin, 17, of Strawberry Park, William F. Beardskeem, 16, of 223 Atwood Road and Ralph F. Famigletti Jr., 18, of 500 South Main St., all of Thomaston and Thomas Sayers, 19, of 132 Eastfield Road, Waterbury.

The quartet was charged with possession of marijuana with intent to sell; possession of marijuana and possession of controlled drugs.

Lt. Francis Connors said the accused were being held under bonds of $10,000 each for appearance in the 8th Circuit Court on Tuesday.

According to Baia, he stopped to check out the car and the youths asked to borrow a flashlight while they changed the tire.

Baia said he poked his head into the vehicle and observed a large stick protruding from the car. The youths allegedly said they "needed it for protection."

A continued investigation reportedly revealed cigarette butts on the floor of the car, which according to Baia, had the odor of marijuana. He summoned assistance and Patrolman Maloney arrived on the scene.

A continuing search of the vehicle reportedly yielded a yellow bag containing other drugs according to Lt. Connors. Cigarette paper used in rolling cigarettes and a quantity of pills were also confiscated, according to the police.

Police reported that it was the largest marijuana haul made here in months.

Police Pelted With Bottles During Arrest

A crowd of about 200 people gathered late Saturday night after detectives arrested a city man on a narcotics charge at the corner of Congress Avenue and White Street. Some in the crowd threw bottles at police.

According to Police Chief James F. Ahern, members of the Gaming and Narcotics Squad arrested Earl H. Blakeney, 21, of 154 Minor St. at approximately 9 p.m. The arrest was made on a Superior Court bench warrant charging the suspect with the sale of heroin.

Chief Ahern said that when the detectives tried to take Blakeney into custody, the suspect broke away and ran into the Horseshoe Restaurant at the corner of Congress Avenue and White Street.

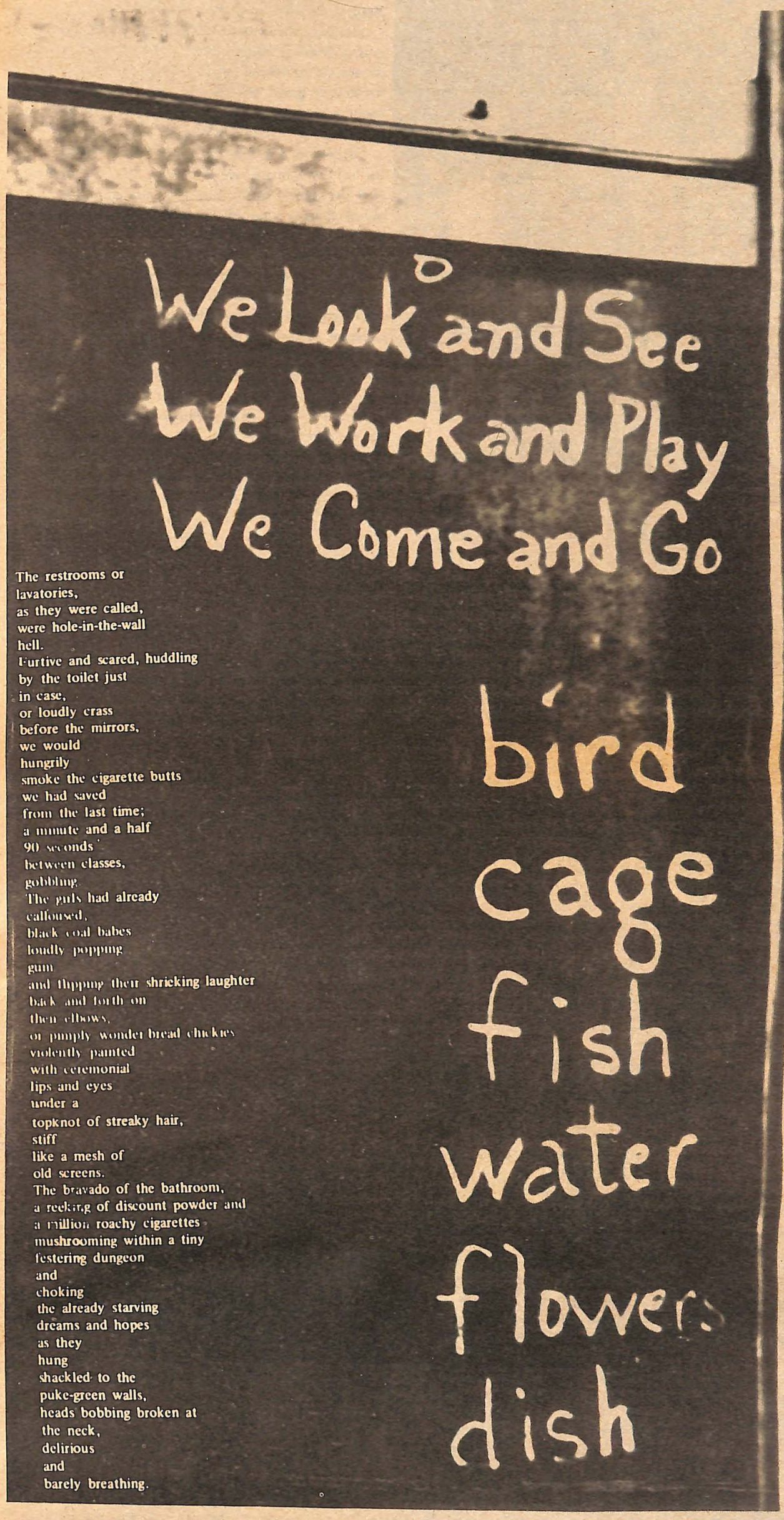
Detectives entered the restaurant and took the suspect into custody for a second time but durin gthis period a crowd of about 200 had gathered after Blakeney began yelling.

Officers at the scene requested additional help and several squad cars from Patrol Division were sent to the scene. When they arrived, the chief said, many of the people in the crowd began throwing bottles at the police.

Ahern added that the crowd was quickly dispersed and most of the squad cars left the scene. A short time later, however, one of the cruisers still in the area was set afire, causing only slight damage.

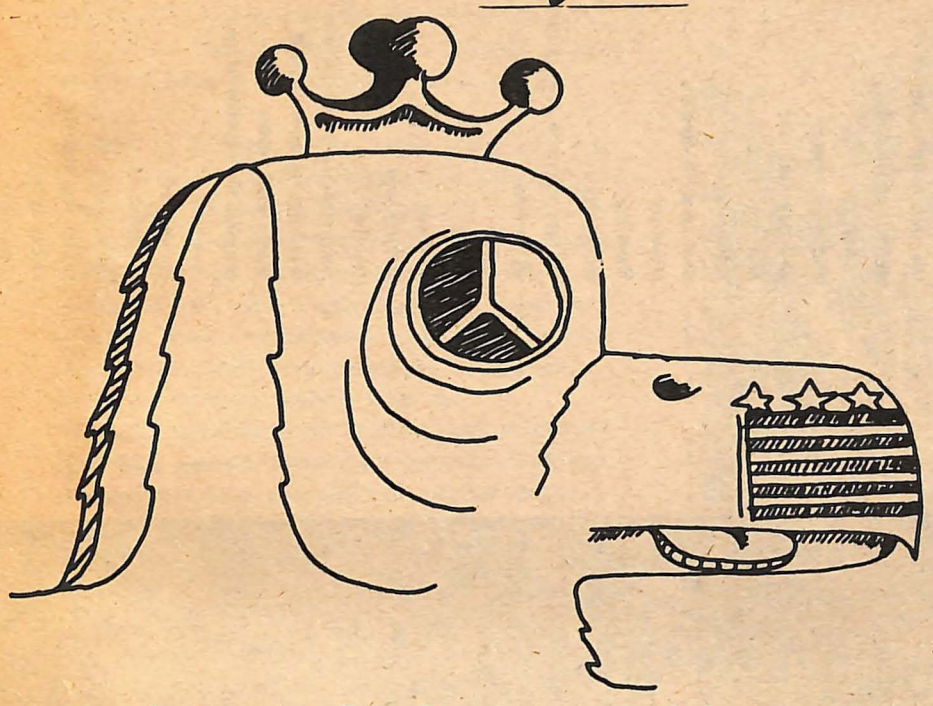
The chief emphasised that the only arrest made during the disturbance was that of Blakeney and no injuries occurred.

Blakeney was arrested on a bench warrant that was part of a series of 71 warrants issued Thursday for known narcotics sellers in the area.



The restrooms or
lavatories,
as they were called,
were hole-in-the-wall
hell.
Furtive and scared, huddling
by the toilet just
in case,
or loudly crass
before the mirrors,
we would
hungrily
smoke the cigarette butts
we had saved
from the last time;
a minute and a half
90 seconds'
between classes,
gobbling.
The girls had already
callioused,
black coal babes
loudly popping
gum
and flipping their shricking laughter
back and forth on
their elbows,
or pimply wonder bread chickies
violently painted
with ceremonial
lips and eyes
under a
topknot of streaky hair,
stiff
like a mesh of
old screens.
The bravado of the bathroom,
a reeking of discount powder and
a million roachy cigarettes
mushrooming within a tiny
festering dungeon
and
choking
the already starving
dreams and hopes
as they
hung
shackled to the
puke-green walls,
heads bobbing broken at
the neck,
delirious
and
barely breathing.

Rx Medicus Aquarius



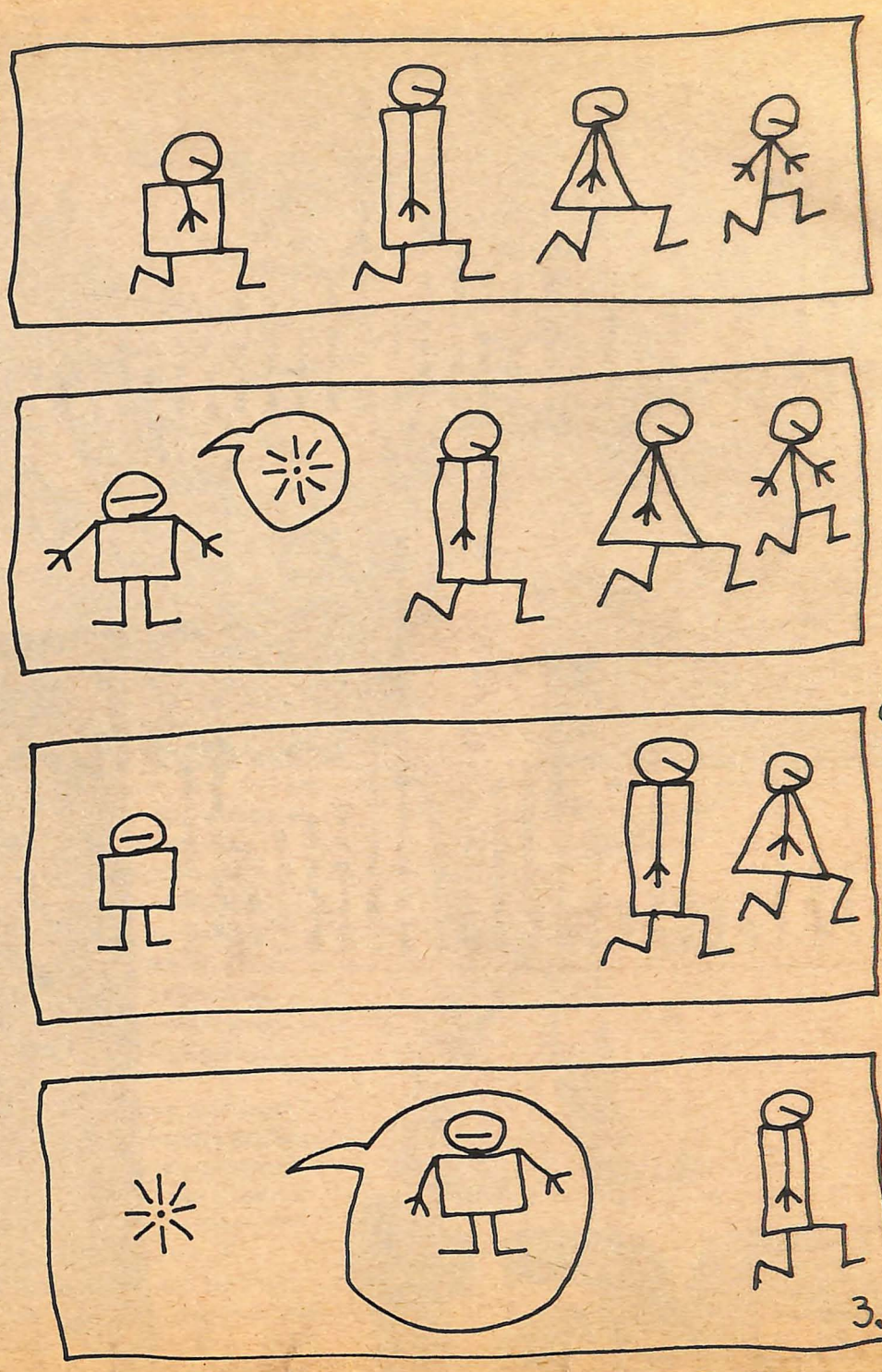
Just back from a week on Prince Edward Island, a hundred mile long plot of gently rolling hills, rust red soil, sparkling waters and pitch black nights located just north of Nova Scotia. I stayed with friends on their farm. There were sixteen of us not including the lower species by week's end, and our only enclosure was a twelve foot square room. No electricity, no phone, no plumbing, no heat–just well water and wood store and stereo portable tape recorder. It's nice to be out of the possessions trap–I envy those who travel light. One of the visitors had left America just as he was about to be inducted into the army and all he had was the clothes on his back and a work suit. The rest was all inside him.

I've been moving each July for the past three years and my current junk collection fills two VW buses. My one confrontation with material reality came about ten years ago. I'd been managing and living in a halfway house at the time. One of our patients was an angry old man who vented his aggressions by leaving cigarette butts in unfavorable places. One night I awoke from a restless sleep at 4 AM in my third floor room with the sense that something was wrong. The smoke in the hallway was overwhelming and I barely made it to the fire escape. We evacuated the adults but the canary was cremated. Standing outside on the sidewalk in my undershorts I felt very naked. I assumed that all my books and papers (I was in college at the time), my clothes and phonograph and records, had all been consumed by the fire, but I was mostly aware that it had been a very close call. I don't think I've ever been so glad to be alive and so indifferent to everything I owned. Tim Leary later commented to me that perhaps, out of the fire, had come warmth and light.

The Whole Earth Catalogue is right on target when it emphasizes that it is a directory of tools. Our holdings are either ends in themselves or tools to help us reach out and grow. I think it may have been Rodin who said that that which is arty is held up in the hand and admired, but that real art *is* the hand. As we become a nation of spectators, boredom becomes our living death. The greatest contribution of the ecologic movement may be to remind us that we are not apart from the natural world.

One of the nice things about living on a farm is that there's no make-work. Work acquires a natural imperative. The growing season is too short, so you have to build a geodesic dome greenhouse to cover part of the garden. The corn has to be harvested before the frost. A twelve foot square room isn't enough living space so you build a home. The wood must be corded before winter comes. Work has its natural necessity and become meaningful again. There's nothing wispy about well-digging.

Doctor Aquarius is a New Haven psychiatrist. He welcomes your questions and comments on matters medical, political, or personal at VFB, 532 State St., New Haven.



Ricker T. Hungbad

BABA RAMDASS

Th other day when I was in Cambridge I went to a meditation gathering and met a very high dude. This gathering seemed like any other I'd been to before except that there was a very high vibration in the air that usually isn't when most freaks get together to chant.

The meditation was held in the Episcopal Seminary School Chapel in Cambridge, which is usually a straight uptight "we can't have a long-haired god" type of place. The last time that meditation was held there the local Jesus salesman changed the locks on the church doors so that the freeks couldn't get in even though it is a church and the freaks had permission to use the chapel. This particular evening was different cause Baba Ram Dass, (Richard Alpert), had come all the way from his crib in New Hampshire to chant and to talk about plastic guruism, and many of the other forms of cosmic space rangerism that people who like to play God games often get themselves into, i.e. changing the locks on the church doors, and extorting money from the illiterate poor of the war, and loving parents who like to lock up their kids in mental institutions for meditating, doing yoga, and not eating meat.

Ram Dass is not the type of person who tells us to hate, blow anything up, or even get cosmically pissed off, he just giggles at it and damn if it doesn't go away. The meditation was the most successful that I have ever attended. Everyone experienced extreme joy and extreme sadness. I felt a closeness with brothers and sisters that is often said but hardly ever felt. We chanted for about two hours and ended up singing gospel tunes which got everyone jumping up and down on their toes. It reminded me of being back at some revival meeting in Georgia.

Ram Dass went on to say that we should look for the guru inside of us rather than trying to find some plastic guru outside of us. I left the meditation damn glad that I'm a hippie and not uptight about being dirty and smelly. The next time your dope stash gets low try jumping up and down on your toes five hundred times cause it gets you off.

Overthrow
your mind.
Read.

This new publication from Random House is a new kind of challenge—to your mind, your sensibilities, and even to the way you live your life. Issue after issue will deal with all those aspects of Western culture, past and present, which pertain to the one great continuing struggle in the world today—the self-determination of the black American.

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$1.95

Like it was, like it is, like it ought to be.

The Painless Pee

I have a gynecologist who has a secretary
with some of the most foul German intonation
I have ever
heard.
I visited them yesterday,
to explain that I had a
urinary infection.
I said it hurt
to pee.
Naaah she says—
you got a vaginal problem.
Oh yeah? I said. I don't know
but it doesn't feel like that.
It's hard to tell she says.
OK I said.
But anyway justincase
do me a favor and
piss in this jar—
but don't touch it,
it's gotta be sterile
and as soon as I can get my
hand out
you can go
get dressed.
You got an awfully tight cervix, young lady.
Yeah, I know—that's what
they all say.

So
a few days later
she
the secretary
calls to
tell me that
Hey kid
you got a
bad urinary infection
A
Mother
Fucker.
So yeah
So
What?
Tell me something
interesting for
a change.
I think they were planning a
sex-change for
me;
they weren't sure whether
I was genetically male
or female for the
longest time and they
even kept it a
secret when they
found out.
Emil Davidson—
howzat hit you?
It didn't exactly strike
me either.

But
none of us
quite made it
and the summer
meandered off somewhere
else.
That doesn't really have
much to do with the
matter at hand,
does it?
I didn't think so.
But that's another problem,
the way things kind of
smear together like
granma's lipstick
these days;
the gynecologist and
the urinary infection
and Picasso and
my old old man
and etc.
They're vicious things, those
etc.;
they're what finally did
me in.

So anyway, I
took the little piece of
paper
down to the
druggy store and
told him by
all means to charge it please,
in my father's name.
He said he couldn't read it.
He what??!
Now that's
what I'd call a clear case
of Mail Showmanship
and he's gonna hear from
me personally
when the
Rebbeluchon comes.
YOU
BETTER
WATCH IT.
He decoded it about
two days later
and it was for PENICILLIN
and I had told her A

THOUSAND TIMES
that I am
ALLERGIC to
penicllin;
I erupt in great
big
gooey
HIVES.
SO YOU WATCH IT,
YOU.
REMEMBER.
While I was pondering the
ramifications inherent in
the implications of
urine and allergies
and infections
and waybackwhenitallstratedlonglongtimeago,
I heard faintly from the
left prong in my
third head that
I was late for
the shrink's.
I grabbed my psychosis
and we walked hand-in-hand
over to Trumbull St.
If you liked fingerpainting,
you'll enjoy psychotherapy:
you get in there and
mess in it
and wade through
it and
throw it and
kick it
and vomit
on it,
throttle it and
pinch it and
yes gang
it's STILL THERE,
warm and cozy as ever
like leprosy.
Pain is like the super-SARANWrap
you hung your
cat with
last week;
you can't write
on it
eat it
crush or
crumple it,
fuck it
wear it
or bite
it.
We talk a lot about
gynecologists and
poverty
and night mares
and day stallions
and how I have
difficulty
dealing with Reality
(Reelitty
Re-alitty
Rooey-fooey)
We get into the fine details
of sorrow
grief
despair
torment
torture and
trauma,
negotiating a truce between
free-floating anxiety and
manic depression,
probing the dpeths of my
inversion
conversion
perversion;
reflecting
projecting and
rejecting all
distortion
of my bloated ambivalent
dichotomies.
Note:

LIB SCHOLAR TELLS ALL

Notes of one who became one of the 30 or 40 faithful who responded to the Panthers' May 1 call to New Haven and now constitute the hard core of the New Haven Liberation School. Which at this writing is liberating neither us nor New Haven...

Here in the cool, empty, quiet, enormous loft I feel almost a physical sensation of waking up emotionally, opening up intellectually. This must come from finally being alone after an incredible round of compulsive meetings, working full-time at the factory. As I come unplugged from the situation here, I can observe it and myself much more clearly and—I am disturbed. (Although, remembering three months from last November to January when everything which was disturbing seemed locked into my own skull and disconnected from any kind of outside reality, I much prefer the current objective fuck-ups.) I guess what I do now is start writing about myself and what I think of the movement here and elsewhere. (merely a small topic.) I've never tried to keep a political journal before—after years of introverted, individualistic, mystical, poetic writing, it's a little strange.

When I look at what the 40 or so of us do it seems absurd. A weekly schedule of meetings runs as follows: Monday night, general PE (political education, which usually means talking about whatever we have to cope with that week) Tuesday, economics workshop (stimulating and well-done) and 3rd world workshops (by Ken Mills, poorly attended), Wednesday, women's karate, women's 'collective' meeting, also, now, meeting of a small men's group; Thursday—communal dinner and general liberation school meeting (which has become a real freak show). Leftover meetings are scheduled for Friday nights and weekends. To any sane observer this would sound like a perfectly logical series of meetings for a local movement, except here everyone feels absolutely compelled to be at every meeting. Add to this incestuous round of confrontations with each other whatever it is which enables a majority (maybe) of us to see what it is that has to be done, or at least what direction we should be moving towards, and still be totally impotent, unable to move *at all*... and you have the situation which has produced unbearable tension, hostility, subjectivity. I could go on to analyze that and try to work out some proposals for action here, but I am in the mood to get all the complaints out of my system, so this entry will be more in the nature of an outpoured lament.

Last Monday, somebody made a point which is a key to a lot of the unhealthy dynamics among people here. Which is, that we perceive the movement as an identity instead of a political process. That's just so many words, except that it hit me because I realized that it's exactly what I do and what I see other people do all the time. In one sense, of course, it isn't a bad thing; a movement you couldn't identify with would never get anywhere. Anyway, the reason there's a white student-based movement in this country at all is because the identity we were given was unacceptable and we had to create a new one...BUT when we discover the movement as life-style, we get so thoroughly immersed in our own trip that we become contemptuous of everyone whose "level of consciousness" is elsewhere. We act with each other and with 'outsiders' according to what we like to be seen doing (talking to Panthers, not wearing underwear, etc.) And in the process, forget that what we have to do is present people—*other* people—with a concrete alternative which they can understand and which is feasible for them. There is hardly any discussion of what phase the movement is moving into or out of, no analysis of what tactics or strategy we should be developing. This whole Panther thing, although it forced the issue of racism upon the white movement, has been very destructive to it in many ways; it has allowed white radicals to appear revolutionary while still lacking any coherent program for white people. You have to be prepared to give people more of an answer than "Free Bobby" when they say 'What can we do?"

I can see more and more clearly how skillful one gets, in an atmosphere like this, at using political words, political criticism and political activity in a way that is completely apolitical—emotional and individualistic and which leads to very traditional power plays within the group. The criterion for leadership here is a well-equipped Marxist-Leninist vocabulary, a strong delivery, and the ability to play games with each other that come on like political disagreements. I can't believe I was fooled by this bullshit at all—it's very embarrassing to remember, but indicates exactly how effective this type of performance is as a means of manipulating individuals and a group.

I guess what I'm really bitching about is my nervousness about my own commitment when I see how fucked up it is emotionally and politically so many times. Also about the commitment of the so-called heavies who refuse to be realistic about creating a political form which is workable regardless of whether or not it fits their own personal aesthetic. Ego tripping is glorified so elaborately that it almost seems politically justifiable...the reason I'm so angry *is that I can see how often I allowed myself to be manipulated and intimidated. What's worse is that no* that I'm on to it, I can see how easy it would be for me to use the same tools against other people.

We're so tough cynical and mechanical about creating an alternative to this society where we can be beautiful, free, creative and human to each other. I get this intense feeling that I *know* I have the imagination and intelligence to produce far better forms and tactics than we're dealing with now, but it seems impossible to grasp them, locate them and implement them. Also, there is a tendency within the group to label any opinion or suggestion which isn't a spartan, 'I'm further left than you are' hard line as "reactionary." Is it because we are afraid that our commitment is so young and the situation is potentially so heavy that we mustn't allow ourselves any luxuries of feeling or objectivity in case we are lured back into the system? As I write, I feel more and more impatient. I have a strong sense of the nebulosity, the vagueness of our activity in this city. I want to start defining New Haven into neighborhoods, organizations, companies, schools, etc. and work from that knowledge. (That's another infuriating characteristic of the Liberation School, which is made up largely of newcomers to New Haven; everyone here seems to have such contempt for the knowledge AIM people, for example, have of the city, and refuse to make any moves to profit by it. I don't understand how people can have such scorn for such necessary information.) Returning to my original thought, I feel mostly the need to integrate the real hunger I have for emotions, color, moods, sensuality, with the next necessary political steps. My vision of a revolutionary was always someone with incredible energy, humanity, warmth, strength and judgement. I haven't become that kind of individual yet and I want to. If this proves impossible, it will frighten me, because I don't want a dehumanized life in a dehumanized movement. How do you cope with a commitment to smash the state if all the people you're in it with are smashing each other? The more I think about it, the more I feel as if every aspect of my life is a struggle. All my life, I've been doing things which I was told were hard, and since I found them easy, I was a success. But reshaping my life this summer has been the first thing that *I've* thought was really hard, and I'm not at all sure I'll be successful.

But I do feel better...realizing these things always makes me optimistic about my ability to act on them.

Julie Ellison

tags

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The Poet & his Charactors

Alan McKnight ⊕

unemployment

Washington, D.C. (LNS) – If you're young and looking for a job, America isn't offering much these days.

The ranks of the unemployed in the 16-21 age bracket were swelled by 410,000 people since the summer of 1969. At the present time, according to the U.S. Department of Labor Bureau of Labor Statistics, there are 2.1 million young people unable to find work.

The youth unemployment rate is 15.7% this summer, compared with 12.8% in 1969 and 14.0% in 1968. The jobless rate for white youth is 13.6% while for black youth it is 30.2%.

The Labor Department reported that the "continuing efforts" of government and industry to offer jobs to young people "were seriously hampered this year due to the recent economic slowdown."

MARINES

Oceanside, Calif.(LNS)- Four white marines from Camp Pendleton were arrested Aug. 19 for flashing peace signs at an MP at the gates to the base. The four marines were returning from liberty and were sitting at the back of a bus. After the MP saw the sign, he flagged down the bus and forced the marines to to lie face down in the dirt for half an hour.

The next day the marines were charged with making "obscene gestures." Two of the four are Vietnam vets.

BEANBAGS

Berkeley (LNS)- On a testing ground in sparsely populated Alameda County, the newest development in "riot control" tore from the barrel of a gun at a speed of about 120 miles an hour, aimed at a department store dummy with long hair. This new development in weaponry is a bean bag.

The bean bag gun -- formerly known as a "stun gun" -- was unveiled recently by MB Associates, an ordnance firm in California. According to the Washington Post, the gun fires a sewn canvas bag stuffed into a shotgun shell and expands to 4½ inches in diameter on leaving the muzzle, coming at you like a a lead hamburger going about 120 mph.

The bean bag's inventor, Robert Mawhinney, a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley, thinks it is the ideal weapon. "It should give police a medium choice response," Mawhinney stated. "Something between just ignoring a guy who's throwing rocks or shooting him with a pistol."

"It will hurt when it hits, but our tests show that it shouldn't break bones or puncture the skin."

Mawhinney and MB Associates president Robert Mainhardt insist that the choice of birdshot stuffing was "purely a matter of convenience." The bags could be filled with lead powder, sand, or other "heavy" materials, and could also contain dye for "marking suspects," they said.

The effect of being smacked by the ideal weapon" would range from being "knocked down to being left breathless." The effect " would not be pleasant," Mawhinney assured gloating officials. A prototype of this weaponry was sent on its way to Berkeley police who said they would take the bean bag into the field for tests " if the occasion comes up, like another riot."

Coca-Cola has made more millionaires than any other product in history. A single share purchased for $40 in 1919, when they were first offered to the public, is now worth some $8,500 including splits and accumulated dividends. Last year was the best in Coca-Cola's history, a statement that can be made every year.

The Coke team spirit includes the whole family. "It's one big happy family." said the wife of a junior executive. "My real family. It must be awful not to have somebody like Coca-Cola to belong to. I don't know how I'd feel without it."

A senior Coke executive explained: "If all the Coke ever produced in regular (6½ ounce) bottles placed end to end, they would girdle the earth 3,500 times–or reach the moon and back 200 times. If it were distributed in regular bottles to everyone in the world, each person would get 220 bottles. If a single bottle were large enough to contain it, it would be over a mile high and 2,000 feet wide."

Ninety million cokes a day are consumed.

"Coca-Cola is everything I exist for," said a senior vice-president at corporate headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. "I live and breathe it. We all do. It's made us what we are." It was 9 a.m. and he was gulping coke from the bottle, his first of the morning. Free cokes are dispensed on all floors of all company offices, and most executives chain-drink them throughout the working day.

"Americans associate Coca-Cola with the flag and motherhood," reflected an advertising officer, "and that's the image we work night and day to maintain. We don't *dare* use sexy advertising or cheap *gimmicks. We avoid association with alcohol and such things;* Coca-Cola is an all-family drink for all ages, and we can't afford to offend the sensibilities of any group anywhere. We stand for the very highest quality and finest taste. Clean-cut, upright, the family, Sunday, the girl next door. Wholesomeness. America's best."

The Coca-Cola advertising budget, unofficially estimated at pushing $100 million, is a company secret. But its officers admit that Coke is the most heavily advertised product in the world. Thus, Coke illustrates the trend of American business: less effort is expended on the product itself than on increasingly frenzied publicity about it. Since the ingredients of Coke never vary, and the manufacturing process has remained essentially unchanged for 75 years, the remark of one vice-president is very understandable: "Communications come first, even before the product itself. How to put it across is what counts."

There are nine million Coke billboards already on the surface of the earth. Coke executives seem to feel that their advertising helps make America beautiful. A recent company brochure informs new employees, "When you don't see a Coca-Cola sign, you have passed the borders of civilization."

Recently, the vice-president for new products and new packaging talked about his job:

"The rewards of a soft drink are more psychological than physical," he explained. "It's the mystique that counts most in sales–what a drink gives to soul rather than the body. We're working on this psych-satisfying element most of all, trying to find out why people really want a soft drink–which they often don't consciously know themselves."

Madison, Wisc. (LNS) - Mark Knops, 27 - year-old editor of the Madison Kaleidoscope, was convicted of contempt of court Aug. 30 when he refused to testify before a grand jury investigating the Aug. 24 bombing which 6 million dollars damage to the Army Mathematics Research Center on the University of Wisconsin campus.

Judge Erwin Zastrow said the case was a clash between the law and the right of freedom of the press "and something has to give."

"What has to give," he went on, "is the First Amendment privelege -- in the interest of justice."

Strings of stroganoff assault the mind like clouds billowing across the top of a very high windmill grown mossy with abuse. My head reeling against the negative of the procession of fuzzy people who tramp through the land of the political heavies, past the magic yellow door with its custom-made peephole for the voyeurs of the world, into our never-never infinity. While at the Exit they read poetry, and at the View I try to write it. In the View from the Exit or the Exit from the View poets become self-conscious and trees weep the coming of another derivative to dross. The powder man, the moss man, the inarticulate frisbee dancing around your head as you contemplate the burning of that part of deadwood that you call your mind. And the token of exchange is also green, but you would prefer an avocado. Hardly anyone is about to oblige, for that would be too absurd, and the absurd has already become commonplace. Peat ashes devoured by dinosaurs who propagate for progeny and masturbate for misery. Lay down brothers and sisters, rest your heads on the rump of the plastic horse hearse traveling through the merry-go-round of time. My pills shall be your pillows, but what shall be your pollen? We celebrate the mad feast of those who know not but sometimes know that it takes too much evil to destroy that which is evil when it is too much.

CR Lawn

me either.
You shoulda seen the way they drooled
when they saw me coming—
straight outta Pavlov.
But that day
I got heavy
and told them just
to deal with the matter at hand
and not to hand me any of
this garbage about uterus transplants and
vaginal infections;
she and I have had a close rapport
for many years now
so we outta know.
WHY DON'T YOU EVER BELIEVE ME?
Let's face it—
if I say it feels like there are
fleas
in my bladder,
I mean it and
you better diggit or
you too
are gonna
get it.
Come out, come out
wherever you are.
What Simon
doesn't say
is where it's at
and he didn't tell me
that my old man and
me
would soon be
drowning.
There was only one
life preserver and
you
know
who got it.
Male chauvinism?
No—
Urinary infection,
you fool.

So I
moved out,
carrying a box of old hangnails
and some half-cooked
lentils,
carefully rolling all my
art prints into
a tunnel.
I had bought them last year
(which is closer to tomorrow
than you think)
and was planning
(always a mistake)
to hang them in our new
apartment next summer.
You know,
Picasso over the sink
and Matisse
in the john.

A lot of you have never looked at your own cunts! It's been right there with you for a long time, but have you ever taken a mirror and looked at it? Or, have you been taught from the time that you could think that this part of your body should be hidden, even from yourself?

Sisters!! Is it fair that we should be so alienated from one of the most important parts of our own bodies?

Maybe all you know about your own cunt is what other people have told you. Lovers, doctors, psychologists and biology teachers have told you plenty. One problem, THEY are all men, and men (obviously) don't have bodies like yours. And they don't know shit about your body.

There are many aspects of our own bodies that we don't know about, not just our vaginas. What happens to our bodies during sexual intercourse. Most women know what happens to the man's body, but not their own. They (the women) are more concerned with "satisfying the man", not thinking that they have physical & emotional needs too.

Your sisters have bodies like yours. We'll be getting together once a week to talk about our bodies, how they work and why they react the way they do, when they do.

Join us. We have a lot to teach you, not because we are Experts, but because we are women. And you have a lot to teach us.

WOMEN AND THEIR BODIES

We are going to have a course this fall on the subject. Watch the View for details, or call 776-8227 and ask for Lynnie or Penny Lane.

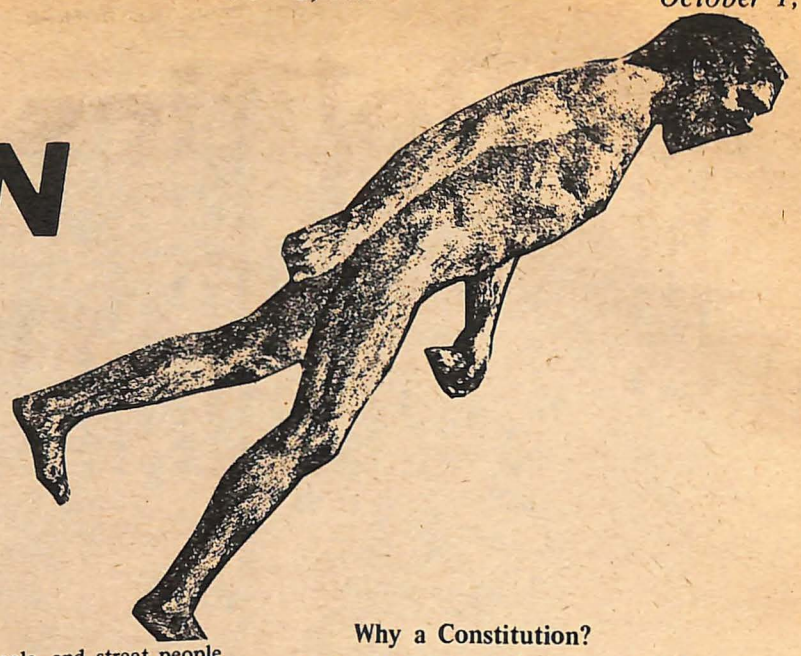
(Not...
beware of a shrink
who doesn't have a discreet
but accessible
decorator-decorated
tinted
open box of kleenex;
also
if it relates to you
only formally
such as
"Miss Poontang, it seems manifest that..."
or "I'm not exactly clear as to the meaning
which you impute to the phrase
up
tight."
If there's no kleenex
and
no ashtray
and he refuses to
address you by your
first name,
and it wears horny-rimmed glasses
or sits with legs crossed or
hands neatly folded,
you can be sure that you're getting
RIPPED OFF ONE MORE TIME
and you better make all haste to
get your selves together
and hustle on out
of there before

it deports you to
Miami or
Dallas
to live out the rest
of your petty existence.

Anyhoo
(hi
are you still there?)
I came back about a
month ago,
several poems and
identities later and
found I could
pee
straight as an arrow,
and without so much as a
whisper of
hesitancy or
regret.
I stand there and play
with my toilet all
day,
flushing it and
polluting it
and arm wrestling.
I even tried pouring all my
left-over penicillin
into it...
the hives
were
outtasight.

Emily Davidson

CONSTITUTION



Peter Friedland

Do we need a new Constitution?

The American people do, the Black Panther Party contends, and about 10,000 Americans came to North Philadelphia last weekend to check out the Panthers and their proposal.

The Plenary Session of the new Constitutional Convention produced a series of position papers expressing various kinds of oppression and some ideas on how to end it. These papers will be worked upon over the next two months by the Panthers and some of the delegates. A final unified draft of a "Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention" should be ready by November.

Just what the Constitution will eventually mean is hard to say. But what happened at the two-and-a-half day session did tell some things about the present state of the Panthers, the Movement, and America.

the Panthers in Action

The Panthers, firstly, came out quite well, having convinced so many people a new Constitution is an idea at least worth paying attention to.

And, it was a tribute to the strength of the organization that the Party managed to bring off the Convention at all. Just three days before the session, the Philadelphia police convicted the Party of having been behind the deaths of several policemen. Raids "in search of weapons" wrecked several Panther offices which were the centers for the planning. 23 Panthers were arrested and not freed until a day before the session.

The police also seized a lot of money and mimeograph machines and paper. In addition to having dealt such a logistical blow to the session, the police seemed, as the Panthers contended, to want to scare off potential participants with the threat of more violence.

But people came from many states, were registered, housed, fed a meal or two, and were transported to workshops located around Philadelphia. And, after hearing Huey Newton, Michael Tabor, Charles R. Garry, and several other speakers, they produced some results which were summarized, read to everyone, and mimeographed–all with a minimal, if loose, efficiency on the part of the Panthers.

The most graphic demonstration of the Party's concern with being in control was their insistence upon searching each person who entered the registration center and meeting hall for weapons.

The memory of the death of Malcolm X in a meeting hall, the police violence last week, and the Panthers' concern for the safety of their leadership made these otherwise melodramatic "security" precautions seem appropriate.

But these searches resulted in two inexcusable mob scenes before both evening sessions, in which thousands of people waited more than an hour to squeeze through the only two open doors of the building. All it would have taken to avoid the crush was one or two marshals with bullhorns giving traffic directions.

the Panthers and the People

After the unsuccessful United Front Against Fascism last year in California, observors wondered how the Panthers would relate to whites in this second "united front"-type effort. They found that in a number of workshops, Party members seemed to be making inroads on their own arrogance and aggressive dogmatism which whites could have construed in racial terms, and which have helped maintain a political and psychological barrier between the Panthers and the white movement.

In many workshops, Panthers moderated the discussions but did not attempt, even as participants, to force adherence to the Party line on controversial questions.

The results of the workshops seemed to reflect the fairly impressive diversity of the participants. Panthers seemed mainly concerned with getting whatever it was that people could agree upon out of them and down on paper. Whether this deference to the people's diversity will previal throughout the writing of the Constitution remains to be seen. But this much responsiveness was an achievement for a "democratic centralist" organization–most of which, historically, have not been known for their respect for outsiders.

Despite the emphasis on responsiveness, and despite Huey's recent commentary on the importance of the women's and gay liberation movements to the revolutionary struggle, women had problems at the convention. Newton several times referred to "man" or "men" when he meant The People, the worst example of which came when he asserted, "We will have our manhood or level the face of the earth" in trying to get it. Several other speakers did the same thing, and only one was shouted down into changing his reference from "men" to "all humanity humanity." But women seemed to fare better in workshops and in position papers.

the Workshops and the Plenary Session

The sixteen workshops included ones on "self-determination" for women, national minorities, gay people, and street people and on the "control and use" of the army, police, legal system, land, education, the means of production, religion and art.

More than the characteristic movement expression of frustration through florid rhetoric occurred when representatives of the various workshops stood before the entire session. All the violence and idealism of America's most vigorously alienated people found expression in the reading of what people were against in present-day America, and what they wanted to see instead.

To be part of a crowd that size, roaring approval to oftimes highly emotional calls for an end to the many, many specific ways in which people have been hurt by THIS government, THIS economy, this value system, was an exciting and yet scary experience.

One could feel, as at few other times, that this pain, disgust and anger was real, strong, and widespread. And there was a message in the virtually unanimous approval of calls for violence against the sources of this alienation.

The reality of this pain and anger provided an emotional bridge to the fantasy of how We, the People, would run the society of which we had at last seized control.

Positions on Oppression

National minorities–blacks, yellow, brown people–would be free to be proportionally represented, or vote to separate, or to do "whatever they wish;"

Women would no longer be exploited economically or sexually, would have free 24-hour child care centers and free abortion or sterilization on request (but free of compulsion), and would fill 50% of all leadership positions;

Children would no longer be possessions, and would control their own educations and sexual lives;

Gay people "could be gay, any time, any where," with "freedom of dress and adornment," and would live in a society where the educational system taught all forms of sexuality "but advocated no one form;" Gay people, too, would be formally represented in all governmental and community institutions;

Street people would be free of police brutality, organized crime and hard drug dealers. And as for grass and acid, well, they can heighten revolutionary consciousness, but afterward "can be a burden," and therefore should be assessed through social practice;

Artists and art would reflect the revolutionary struggle and the understanding that all people have creative potential which they should have the opportunity to develop, and that art "should be related to the needs and aspirations of the People;"

Schools would be free, controlled by communities and students, gurantee freedom of speech, press and assembly, teach socialist ideas and practice, and "emphasize the student as an individual;"

The military would be a voluntary militia, would not be a standing army, would not be stationed outside the country, could not send military equipment to other nations, would not consume more than 10% of the budget. All information about it would be open to anyone, all offensive and genocidal weapons would be eliminated;

Police would be non-professional, on rotation, controlled by the community, and subject to review by an elected civilian review board;

The law would be made by People's Tribunals, violaters would be judged by juries of their peers, and the legal system would no longer serve one predominant class of exploiters, as it does at present;

The means of production would be controlled by Workers' Councils, and would follow a decentralized model on the basis of the needs of local communities. Especially boring, dangerous, or dirty work would offer special compensation, and all workers would receive all necessities free, including housing, medical care, etc. Local economic councils would harmonize their plans with a national economic plan. America would renounce its control of 60% of the world's resources and share its wealth with other peoples;

Private ownership of land would be abolished, and land use and development policies would stress ecological and social considerations;

Political power would be distributed through independent, semi-autonomous, self-governing communities which would not allow any compulsory servitude or domination of one group by another. Access to the media would be unrestricted;

Religion would no longer teach traditional ideas, but would stress the "harmony of body, mind and soul" and that "men, women and children have a god-like quality in them and they have to bring it out of them."

Why a Constitution?

Bothered by the utopian aspects of these proposals, a number of participants in workshops stressed that a constitution is only a document, and that its implementation is actually the critical factor in what kind of society it represents. Cuba, some noted, has no constitution, and does not feel it needs one yet. Others added that the American Constitution is very impressive in its ideals but fails in their implementation.

However, Huey Newton and Michael Tabor, (one of the New York Panthers being tried for conspiracy to blow up the Botanical Gardens, the Statue of Liberty, and other buildings) argued in speeches that, as good as the American Constitution sounds, its historical roots make the fulfillment of its ideals impossible. In fact, argued Tabor in a lengthy, acute, highly colloquial and fascinating marxist review of the history of the US, the Constitution was written by one class to perpetuate its own predominance.

Tabor suggested that the Constitution therefore represents the interest of the propertied class in America, and he pointed out that the Bill of Rights, a more egalitarian document, did not occur until several years later when poorer people threatened "another war" if they did not have greater participation in the government than the Constitution provided.

Throughout his speech, Tabor also stressed that a small ruling class has controlled America at the expense of both blacks and the masses of whites. He named the Rockefellers, the Pews, the Mellons, Morgans, DuPonts as the people who control Richard Nixon and who back up the power of the Pentagon.

However, Tabor and Newton did not specifically analyze the content of the present Constitution in a way which proved that it needs to be replaced. In fact, Newton seemed to emphasize that the actual content of the Constitution is hard to beat as a statement of human rights. Thus the utility of rewriting a document whose fault is that neither its authors nor its implementation lived up to its content is questionable.

What the Constitution Could Do

Rather than rejecting or even, in most instances, rewriting the content of the present Constitution, delegates seemed to want to provide in their document more specifically for a socialist society with institutions which would actually implement the ideas as expressed in the Constitution. Thus writing a new Constitution may push movement people into thinking positively about what alternatives they want to the present society–which may help further define both our politics and perhaps, hopefully, provdie more of a specific direction or strategy.

The Need To Build a Base

The Panthers seemed to have a lot of sympathy and perhaps support in the black community in Philadelphia, judging from the number of black people at the session, the impression many people had that many of these black people were from North Philadelphia, and the Panthers' own insistence that they could not have put the Convention on without the help from the black community after the police raids.

Yet out of this first step in the new constitutional process, there did not seem to be any suggestion for an organizing strategy in the black or white communities of America.

On the contrary, the closest Tabor came to talking about the struggle for power was in a gleeful, melodramatic rap about urban sniping as "self-defense" against police, on the grounds that "if you don't get him tonight, he'll get you tomorrow."

Similarly, Newton, in stressing that "we will no longer tolerate the abuses we have accepted in the past," referred to "our unwillingness to be prudent any longer."

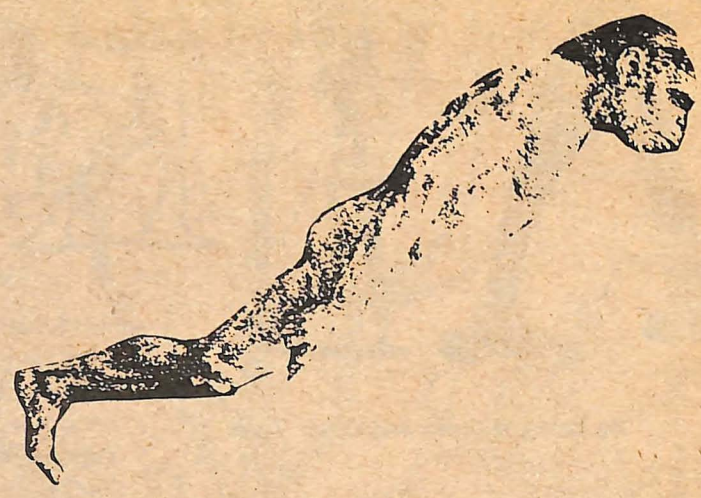
The scary part about that room, alive with 6-7,000 clenched fists pounding uniformly against the air to the chant of "Power to the People," was that little as most of the people in that room had any real sense of what mass social violence could mean, they seemed likely to help make it happen, out of a lack, literally, of something else better to do.

If so, it will be a pathetic irony that such a small number–the Panthers, the movement, and the most desperate portion of the people–feel compelled into suicidal destruction because they were not allowed by the controlling few the space to develop a strategy for what Newton said he hoped for–peaceful change.

If that happens, then truly, as the Panthers have been warning for several years, the responsibility for violence will be on the oppressor–but all of the People will suffer.

The Politics of Comics

by stewart saxe
canadian university press



If you are given to believing that large-scale plots are being formed to oppose social change — you might turn very quickly to the daily newspapers for proof.

Not to the news or editorial pages, prime candidates though they might be for such a theory, but to the comic section.

Almost unanimously, the daily and coloured weekend comic strips have found some way to attack student radicals and the hippe sub-culture over the last year. While often supporting the war in Vietnam and mirroring the class distinctions of North America.

And there are some reasons why it's not so very funny.

Buz Sawyer, Terry and the Pirates, Li'l Abner, Apartment 3-G, Smidgens, Flintstones, Wizard of Id, On Stage and of course Dick Tracy are a few of the common strips that have had their turn, sometimes many turns, attacking the two dissident groups.

While hippies may get constant barbs thrown at them, Smidgens for one is always upset that they've picked his flowers to give away or that they smell so bad, the real attacks are saved for the radicals.

And, in fact, those attacks have been so common that it's hard to put down to coincidence just because one believes there's no conscious plot.

Indeed, there is some evidence to suggest that a plot is closer at hand than one might think.

In 1966 the United States' leading comic strip writers were all summoned to a meeting with state department officials.

The officials pointed out to them that they had an important part to play in formulating US public opinion on Vietnam. They were then asked to help support this policy. There was very little dissent expressed at the meeting.

But this hardly explains their united stand on the wider aspects of the attack against social dissenters. Actually the explanation is closer to hand.

The comics are searching for stories based on the more unusual or exceptional things that pass by one's life, for stories based on the bigger news events of the day, and for subjects it can ridicule.

Comic writers on the average are of course just that — an average group of people endowed with a little more creativity in a particular field.

But when it comes to social consciousness and awareness there's no reason why they should be any different than the kind of people they work with — and the kind of neighbors their salaries place them beside — and indeed they're not.

Al Capp responded violently on a recent panel show to the suggestion that he's changed from the anti-right political stance he'd shown a few decades earlier — that he'd gone over.

"When American democracy was threatened by extremism from the right — by isolationism and conservatism — I attacked the right; now America is challenged by extremism from the left and I'll attack it and expose it just as vehemently," Capp said.

How much more representative a statement could possibly be collected from a person of Capp's economic and social position? Radical positions are attacked not on content but just for being radical.

Capp wraps his attack on the student activists and hippie groups up in one group — Students Wildly Indignant about Nearly Everything. SWINE for short.

The SWINE, who are always dressed poorly, and carrying meaningless signs, who have a constant entourage of flies and of course smell, allow Capp to include his attack on political activism and non-conformist youth cultures in one great parry of his pen.

They march anywhere, always without reason, and are given to the crudest inconsistencies — Capp's main point.

Carrying signs labelled "Non-violence," they will be violent — demanding better university education they have either never been to classes or are dropouts — calling for distribution of private property to the people they keep it all themselves or destroy it and of course, the means of producing more goods.

Apartment 3-G has been much more subtle than Capp — a man who hardly seems capable of subtlety.

The comic strip about three young women living in an apartment together has just finished a series that involved the girls' friendly next-door neighbor and confrere — Professor Papagoras (Subtle name, eh?)

Professor Papagoras had just become acting president of his university when the local underground paper threatened to publish a picture of him with his arm around one of the 3-G girls.

The incident was originally harmless of course — but you know how pictures can look.

Papagoras stands firm through this and further trials though he does lose his calm just once when he strikes a student, who had been previously attacking him in a demonstration, and hospitalizes the fellow.

During the crisis Papagoras' young assistant, who trusted and respected the underground journalists at first comes to learn that high-sounding motives often hide very low goals and sneaky methods. Coming to his senses he is finally able not only to bring the editors of the underground magazine to justice, but also the unscrupulous political agitator who was really behind the whole thing from the beginning.

The lessons that can be learned from this one "comic" strip series are unlimited.

- Good ideals, even when they are truly believed by most involved, are no excuse for any kind of extra-legal action because there are unscrupulous political agitators really manoeuvering the scene.
- We must not hesitate to attack those individuals who preach radical change ven when it seems to make sense because there are deeper things hiding in the shadows.
- We must understand when the authorities are driven to violent action and know that they really regret it.
- We must realize that young people, even faculty, are led astray, but most will return if handled firmly.
- **We must overlook occasional extra-legal action on the part of the authorities because they are fighting such dirty underhanded opposition.**
- We must remember that radical actions actually stop the changes the liberals wanted to make because they are busy doing battle and must give no ground.

It tends to all seem fairly unimportant — hidden away in the back sections of our newspapers, but it isn't really so.

These comics will be part of the overall communication process that will entrench in people's minds these views of what the new movements are all about.

Combined with similar distortions on the news pages and editorial pages, the comics will be the method by which people are turned against even listening to the activists or the youth subculture.

It wouldn't take any conscious plot — not so long as this kind of distortion can happen so thoroughly — automatically.

The comics of course have their own contradictions. It's inevitable because they take a liberal stance.

Smidgens is a good example.

Between complaining about the hippies the strip is constantly commenting on the alienation of modern life —of the common man's feeling of uselessness.

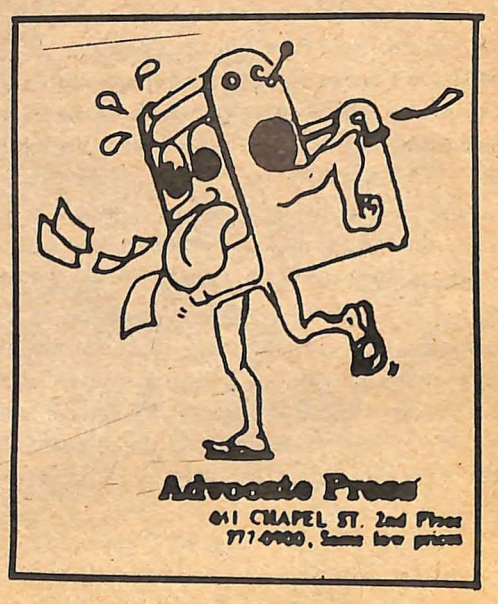
But no analysis is presented there are no suggestions that there are real reasons for this situation or real cures.

Like the other sections of the paper, the comics limit themselves to commentary on the phenomenal aspects of our life and its problems. They never seek the roots of those problems — they never suggest solutions.

For seeking the roots of the problem is radicalism — better to have blind faith in the unstudied, mystified, process of the status quo.

Apartment 3-G by ALEX KOTZKY

"We must understand when the authorities are driven to violent action and know that they really regret it".



A HARD Reign's gonna FALL (so there!)

last of a three-part series

By Cathy Williams and David Tobis

To some, it seems inconceivable that white Americans who have been unconcerned about the violation of the rights of Blacks, could be apathetic toward the violation of the rights of white radicals. They believe that, as soon as the lives of white radicals are threatened, white America will be up in arms. The national furor in response to the Kent State murders – in contrast to the lack of response to the murders at Augusta and Jackson State – tends to confirm this conception. We believe, however, that most Americans will accept or openly condone the repression of thousands of white leftists.

Americans have been conditioned and trained to accept the preservation of this system at all costs, even if it means the violation of basic constitutional rights or the elimination of thousands of long-haired crazies. A recent poll by CBS News about the Bill of Rights confirms our belief. "Three fourths of the 1,136 people interviewed in the telephone poll said extremist groups should not be permitted to organize demonstrations against the government, even if there appeared to be no clear danger of violence. Over half of those questioned would not give everyone the right to criticize the government, if the criticism were thought to be damaging to the national interest, and 55% added that newspapers, radio and television should not be permitted to report some stories considered by the Government to be harmful to national interest. Nor do individual liberties in criminal matters win the support of a majority of those polled by CBS. Nearly three out of every five adults (58%) said that if a person is found innocent of a serious crime, but new evidence is uncovered after trial, he should be tried again despite the protection against double jeopardy. And three out of five questioned added that if a person is suspected of a crime, the police should be allowed to hold him in jail until they can get enough evidence to charge him with the crime." (James Reston, New York Times, April 19, 1970)

In the late 1950's and early 1960's a Yale psychologist named Stanley Milgram was also concerned about the possibility of fascism in America. He wondered whether the willingness of the Germans to participate in, or passively accept, the extermination of millions of people was due to something inherent in the German Aryan character or whether a similar response could occur in this country too.

Milgram set up an experiment where a subject off the street would participate in what he thought was a learning experiment. The subject was to act as a teacher and ask another person word pairs. Every time the learner made a mistake, the subject was to give him 15 additional volts of shock. The panel with the electric switches ran from: 15 Volts (Slight tingling sensation) to 450 Volts (Caution: can cause permanent damage). At 300 Volts, the learner supposedly receiving the shock in another room, starts banging on the walls. At 315 Volts the learner says, "I didn't tell you this but I have a heart condition. It really hurts and I'm not going to answer any more questions." The subject who is giving the shock to the learner then turns to the experimenter and says something like, "What should I do?" The experimenter says, "Count no response as an incorrect answer and increase the voltage by 15." When there is additional resistance from the subject giving the shock to the learner, the experimenter gives one of four standard responses: "Please continue," "The experiment requires that you continue," "It is absolutely essential that you continue," and finally, "You have no other choice, you must continue." If the subject still refuses to give the shock to the learner, the experiment is over.

Milgram wanted to see what percentage of subs would obey authority and go all the way to 450 s. It must be added that the subjects truly believed that the learner was in great pain and getting the shock, though in fact he was not receiving the shock. Milgram said that he could take a business executive and within fifteen minutes turn him into a trembling, stuttering wreck because of what he thought he was doing to another person.

Milgram was astonished by the results. Sixty-five per cent of all the people who participated in the experiment went all the way and gave 450 Volts of shock, believing that they might have caused permanent damage or killed someone. Milgram saw this willingness to obey authority, regardless of the harm such obedience caused, as a pre-requisite of Fascism.*

Americans have been conditioned by the schools, the media, the army, and their jobs to passively accept authority and to do as they are told. The acceptance of authority coupled with belief in "My country, right or wrong," will provide the base of support which Nixon will need to institute fascism. If Nixon can

convince Americans that the very existence of our "American" way of life is endangered, the majority of this country will accept any means necessary to preserve it.

There are two situations which would enable the government to convince the American people that a national crisis exists and threatens the very survival of America. The first would be an economic depression coupled with high unemployment and a marked fall in the stock market. The system would increasingly be unable to meet the growing demands for full employment, higher real wages, social welfare, public facilities, and jobs on a level with one's education.

The second situation, much more likely than an economic crisis, would be a major escalation of the war in Southeast Asia. Nixon, aware that Vietnamization cannot possibly succeed, is trying to win the war by massive escalation. This will involve saturation bombing of Cambodia, Laos, and South Vietnam; the resumption of the bombing of North Vietnam, this time destroying Hanoi and Haiphong; ground troops, both U.S. and South Vietnamese, invading Cambodia, Laos and perhaps North Vietnam. Another massive escalation of the war would create domestic upheaval. The Nixon Administration, as part of the Southern Strategy, is now in the process of convincing Americans that crazy radicals are responsible, not only for domestic troubles, but also for the restraint that previous administrations have exercised in the conduct of the war. Nixon will then try to convince the "silent majority" that if the lunatic fringe of the anti-war movement is silenced, the U.S. can finally use all of its resources to win the war.

* * *

The Panthers have been saying that the government is conspiring to destroy the Black Panther Party. Liberals have responded to that situation, when they have responded at all, as purely civil-libertarian issue in which they have no direct concern. What we are trying to do is demonstrate a link between the conspiracy against the Panthers and the conspiracy against the entire Left and anyone identifying with what the Left represents. But even more, we want to make clear that the coming of Fascism threatens not only the Panthers and the Left – but every American citizen.

We should no longer see the leaders of this country as misguided, befuddled men who have the interests of the majority of the country at heart, but are somehow unable to find the right solutions to the country's problems. Nor should we see them as a clique of evil men seeking absolute power and using every means they can to secure it. Anyone in their position would eventually be forced to make the same choice between revolution and fascism. We should see that there is a ruling class in this country that is ready to use every means it can to preserve the system its members believe in and see threatened.

We are not presenting a helpless and hopeless picture of the Left. We are saying that the rulers of this country are afraid of us precisely because we *do* pose a threat and because they are unable to meet the rapidly growing demands made on their system. We are saying that, yes, the enemy is weak, but this also makes him desperate. For this reason he is using his policy of polarization and repression.

If Fascism comes, it means that the insoluble problems of the system which have been exposed by the Left opposition, coupled with the wars of liberation in the Third World, have pushed the Capitalist system to its extreme form. The arrival of Fascism, which is a desperate and contradictory system, will bring the seeds of its own demise.

Repression poses a threat to the continued existence of the movement. Yet we should not respond to repression in a purely defensive way. Repression is a weapon that can be turned against its users. We can do this by using repression as a means to unify and consolidate the movement toward its original goal. Sectarianism must not divide us in this struggle.

Our best weapon against repression is to intensify our efforts in trying to politicize the people who have only recently become aware of the movement. To a large extent, the people involved in the recent college strikes and demonstrations were active, not because of any deep political understanding, but because they saw that something was happening, something exciting, something which helped to overcome, momentarily, the isolation and impotency that this society generates. Unless people see how their own oppression is tied in with Vietnam or the Panthers or Kent State, they will not continue to work actively around what they consider to be far removed issues. If massive repression were to occur now, those people would disappear. Our job is to organize around people's own oppression. By doing so, we may get people to begin to see that their interests are tied in with the interests and survival of the entire movement.

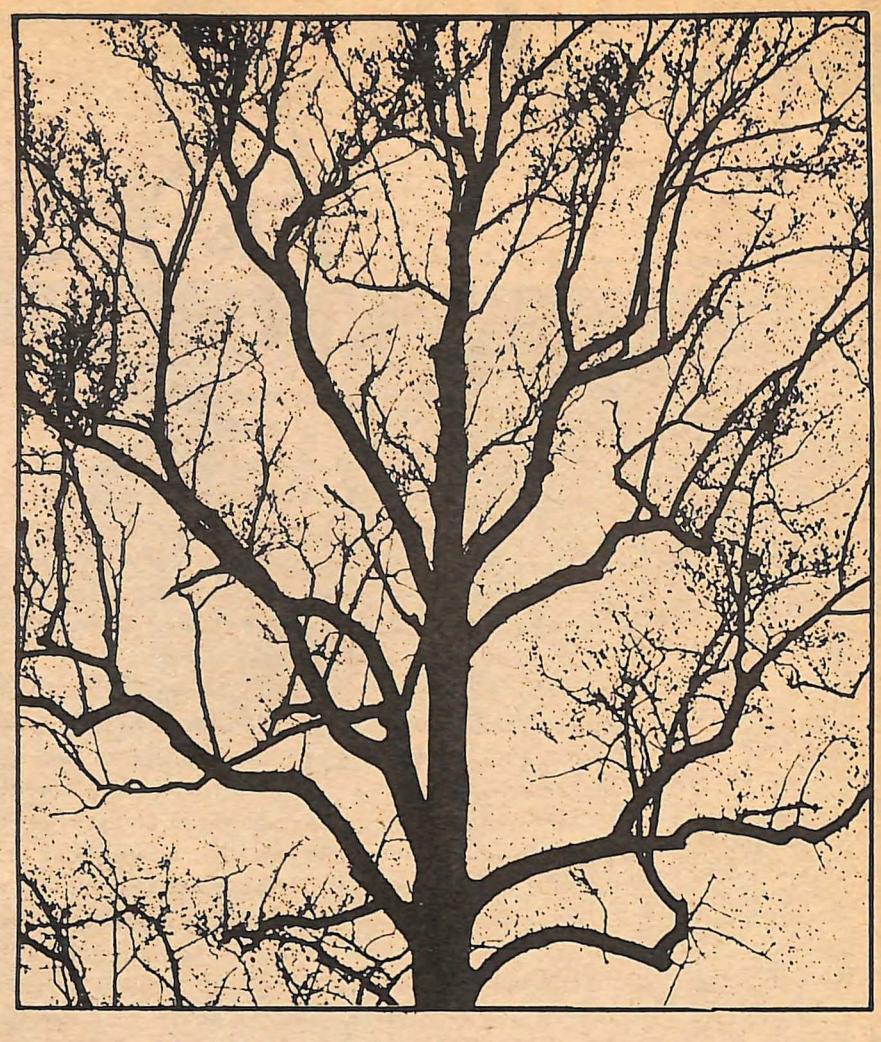
We must begin to see every situation as a potential organizing situation, an opportunity to provide a basic political experience for a bystander who is not yet in the movement. That is to say, we should be spending our time, not pleasing the sensationalist media men by our demonstrations, but disconfirming by our daily paractice the media image that is made of us.

This kind of dedication does not come from any artificial sense of discipline or from imitation of the style of someone who seems to you to be dedicated. It comes from realizing for yourself the urgency of our situation in that our very existence as a movement is threatened.

The showdown is coming
The bumper stickers are on their way.

feel strange...like a witch...a wolf...a cat...wild cat...stalking its game... hungry for blood...feel evil...not ugly evil...bewitching, sensuous, wild, black, beautiful evil...a demon...feel a wild hot mad feeling...a mad, stark raving mad look in my eyes...a devil...luring victims in...casting spells...calculating...shrewd...wicked...evil...the kind of woman who dresses in crimson...deep purple...or black dresses...low and sleek, flowing down to the ground with a long cape...and she slinks, evilly graceful, through the night, with eyes that shine like that of a cat, a look in her eyes that stares through and sends a cold shiver up and down your spine...with a big silver medallion of the devil round her neck, and fingers and nails like claws or talons. long, sleek, moving cat-like through the night, casting spells under the moonlight. a night creature. and upon a persian rug, surrounded by candles and incense and potions she sits naked. bewitchingly. with long dark hair falling about her. evilly beautiful. a white body. a black spirit.

Country



STAFF

Virginia Blaisdell
P.B.
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Julie Ellison
Peter Friedland
Joe Gelles
Lynn Gourd
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Andrew Popper
Brad Rockwell
Robin
Greg Smart
Don Steed
Dave Tobis
Judy Visockis
Cathy Williams

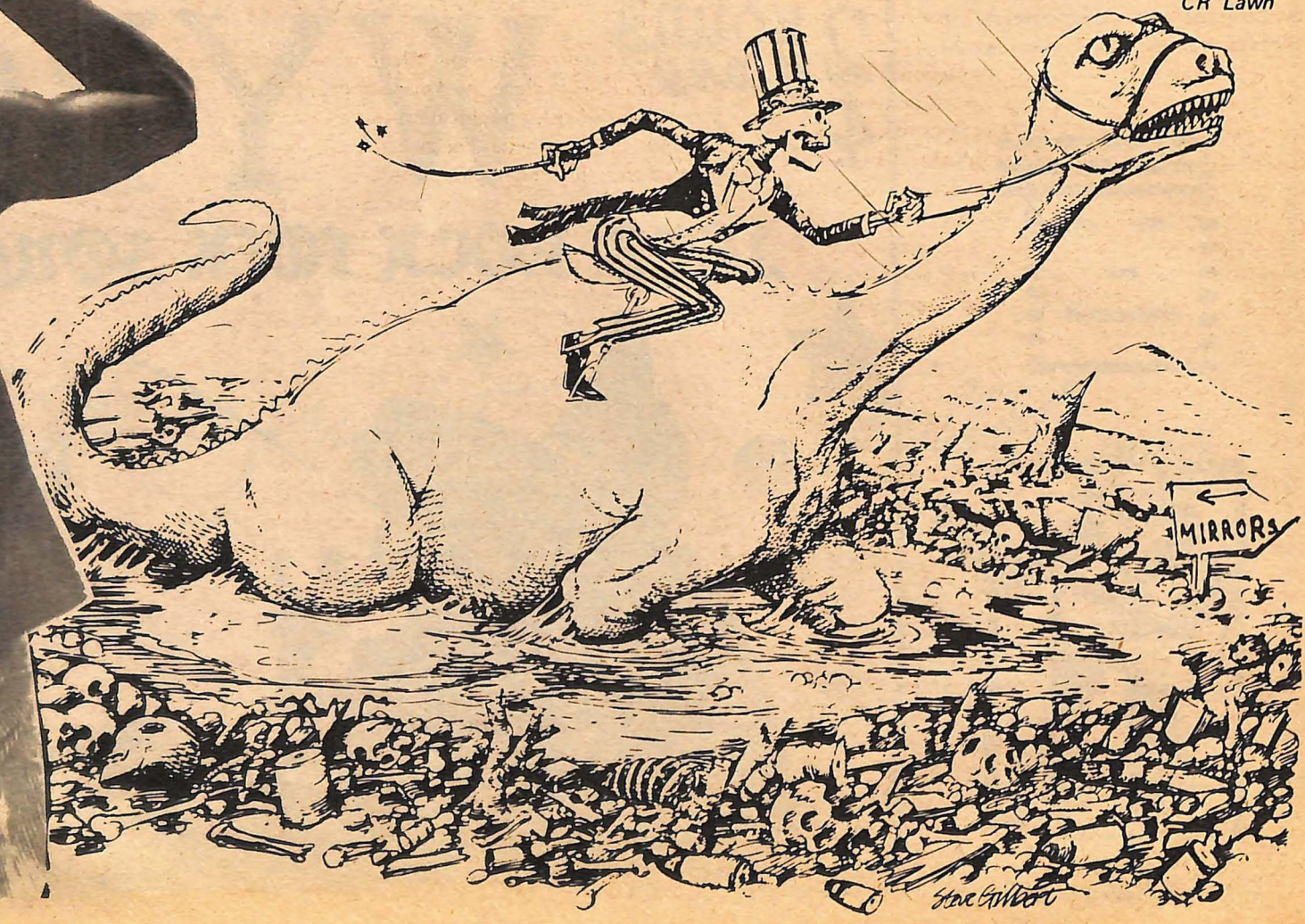
Graphics Credits

Betty Murray: cover
Alan McKnight: centerfold
Andrew Popper: 2, 4, 6, 8, 11, 15
Sean Kernan: 10, 19 top
Margita James: 19 Bottom
Virginia Blaisdell: 3

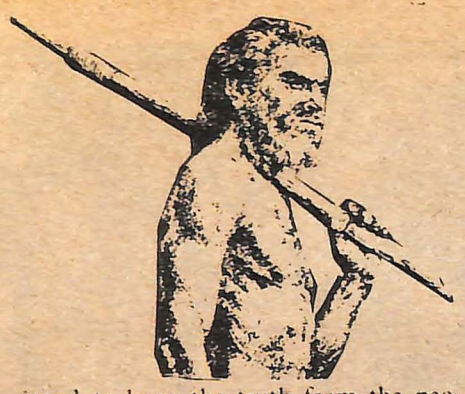
I should be outside enjoying the twilight of the summer, but I'm wondering why someone doesn't take the black plastic time bomb on top of my refrigerator over to the Whalley St. jail. Or whether to call the first woman letter carrier in the world a mailwoman or a femailman. Or if my stomach should strike for an increased ration of cucumbers, radishes, and green peppers so as to drive the price of tums stock back up to its former respectable levels.

I feel that all these problems are in some way connected, and that a solution of one would be a problem to all. Whether to spew my glorification of gore into an atmosphere already too polluted with the incombustible particles of isms, ideology and internecine intrigue, or to languish stupidly in chemical castles of chimerical euphoria, that is the question. Fleas don't have to ponder such questions, they just bite. And I don't have to stop to consider whether I should scratch, either. I guess I'll go outside, after all.

CR Lawn



hey, kids!



wanna read a book?

SHARDS OF GOD P.B.
Ed Sanders
(Grove Press. $5.00)

It appears, at least to me, that after a period of a couple of years during which one's revolutionary status was judged by his "seriousness" and attendant lack of a sense of humor, white radicals are finally rediscovering the magic and the power of YIPPIE! Apparently a lot of freaks have at last realized the futility and self-destructiveness of attempting to launch a full-scale, mirthless frontal assault on the "citadel of honk" -especially since Herr Nixon has clearly shown us, via Kent and Jackson States and escalated pig overkill in the black community, that he is not only willing but *anxious* to kill us in order to keep the world safe for the Bank of America and are turning to the more circumspect YIPPIE! methods to get the job done. If my observations are correct, and not merely wishful thinking, then the recent publication of Ed Sanders' first novel, **Shards of God**, is indeed timely.

Himself one of the nonleaders of the hoarde of degenerate street punks called YIPPIE!, Sanders arrived at his present position after a rigorous preparatory course which included submarine boarding, editorship of *Fuck You/A Magazine of the Arts*, authorship of a couple of books of poetry and a stint as leader of a universally-deplored pride of garbagemouthed musicians, The Fugs. He also has a solo C/W album of surprising quality on the stands. All of this has little to do, however, with **Shards of God**, which chronicles the history of YIPPIE! from its formation (a reaction to a shameless Pentagon doublecross of Abbie Hoffman subsequent to Abbie's stunning victory in the Great Pentagon Hunching Contest) to its best-known and biggest victory, the Democratic National Convention of 1968.

It is probably a misnomer to call **Shards of God** a novel, since none of us who observed the growth of YIPPIE! from its inauspicious beginnings to its present might as one of the world's great Conspiracies has ever doubted that the media coverage of YIPPIE! was the real fiction—lies designed to keep the truth from the people in the hope that such deception would minimize YIPPIE's effectiveness. All of us knew even while being assured of YIPPIE's temporal roots by the Time/Life conglomerate and their sister lifeleeches that such was not the case. We never doubed that YIPPIE! was a divinely-begat Conspiracy of interplanetary proportion. Now, finally, others will be able to learn this truth, too, thanks to Ed Sanders, who had the courage to strip away, once and for all, the media's veil of lies and expose the truth. YIPPIE! stands revealed for all, beautiful in its putrescence, awesome in its smut-shored menace. **Shards of God** is an historical masterpiece that compares favorably with the best efforts of such masters of the genre as Gibbon and Burroughs.

There will doubtless be attempts to keep this book categorized as a novel, as fantasy, in the hope that such action will keep the people from realizing the truth contained therein. Mr. Sanders will be called "imaginative" by some and "a pornographer" by others as part of this this attempt to continue the delusion. Impotent professors of literature will shudder and wax wroth at Sanders' revelations. The ghost of Cardinal Spellman will appear on the Merv Griffin Show to publicly denounce the book while Hugh Hefner, two channels away, will ignore it entirely in order to further abuse Women's Lib. The Daughters of the American Revolution will lay siege to Grove Press, demanding the resumption of public book burnings, free chastity belts to protect their daughters from salivating dopefreaks who have already read the horrid opus, and Ed Sanders' home address. Bennett Cerf will wrap his copy in an old **Herzog** cover and retire to the Privy Council for a couple of months.

Be they one and all endlessly abused by syphlitic succubi! **Shards of God** will stand!

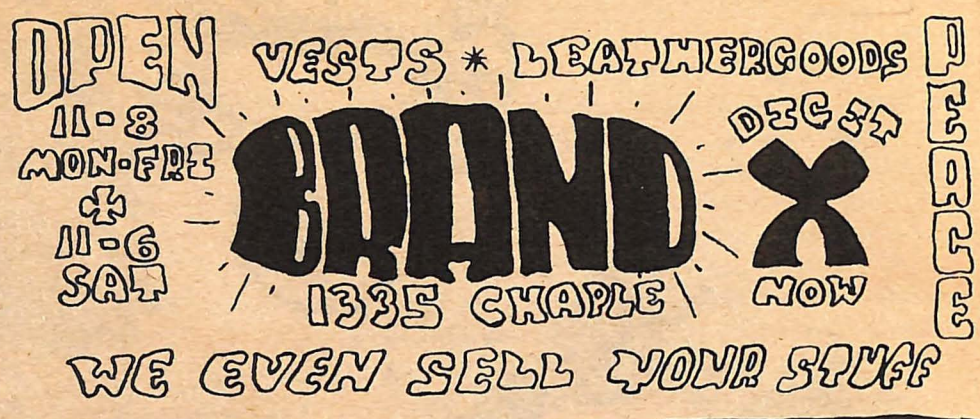
If I sound inordinately enthusiastic about this book, it's because I've been waiting for a long time for it. Up till now, what we might call, for lack of a better term, the "literature of the Revolution" (ugh!) has been really no more than the rhetoric of the Revolution in printed rather than spoken form. There is really no substantial difference between **The Making of an Un-American** and, say, **Do It!** The focus is different, and the language, but both works are actually no more than rhetorical tracts, assembled with a maximum of passion and purpose and a minimum of artistry.

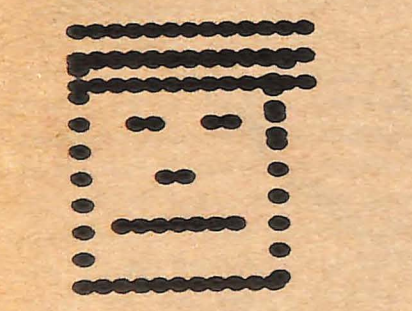
Sanders has changed this. **Shards of God** gives the reader YIPPIE! rather than just telling him about it. In committing himself to the *work* rather than to the movement, Sanders has avoided the trap that Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, and even Eldridge Cleaver have consistently stumbled into. Their works come off as arguments for something outside of the book—the movement. As such, when the victory has been won and there's no more need to convince anybody their books will remain only as vaguely-interesting examples of pre-Revolution rhetoric. *They have no life of their own apart from that which they're dealing with.*

Shards of God, on the other hand, *is* YIPPIE! No outside reference is needed. Someone who never heard of YIPPIE! could get as much out of the book as someone who's been in on the whole thing from the start. Sanders doesn't try to tell you why you should become YIPPIE!, he lets you feel what it's like. Make up your own mind later. At any rate, in reading the book, you will have had a good time and also been a victim of a YIPPIE! prank. You will have *participated* rather than just read a book, because, after all the reviews have been written and the sales slips counted, **Shards of God** will remain one of the great works of YIPPIE! Got that? Of, *not* about.

At this point I could go into a whole reviewer's trip about things like language, symbolism, and kindred garbage, but there's no point to it. Get the book. Read it. Write your own review in the streets.

Oh yeah, by way of a postscript, I ought to mention that the publisher of this book, Grove Press is attempting a ripoff that some of you may want to deal with in your own way. Grove used to be a pretty good outfit back in the days when Genet was *avant-garde* and Henry Miller was controversial, but things have changed. The dollar beckons. In spite of the fact that the primary appeal of **Shards of God** will be to street people who are not particularly affluent, Grove has seen fit to publish it in *hardcover only. At $5.00.* Their reasoning is, I suppose, that if we want to read it bad enough, we'll *find* a way to get the money. To me, that's kind of like buying a ticket to watch yourself perform. The book is small enough to steal.





the Band / Stage fright capitol SW425

Guitar lessons. Folk, rock, classical, jazz, and beginners. 436-1375, ask for Cliff.

For sale- 5 speed Schwinn bike & 6-string Ventures Mosrite guitar reasonable prices call 259-7495-anytime-Matthew.

Out-of-work seamstress does custom-made clothing call Nina 624-6674.

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Call Frank 624-3266.

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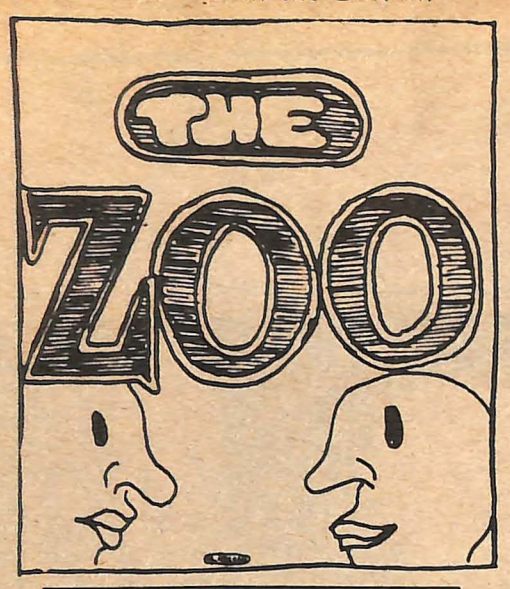
Girl with 2 kids needs a place to LIVE-will share rent, and/or cook, clean, etc. Sue 776-7525.

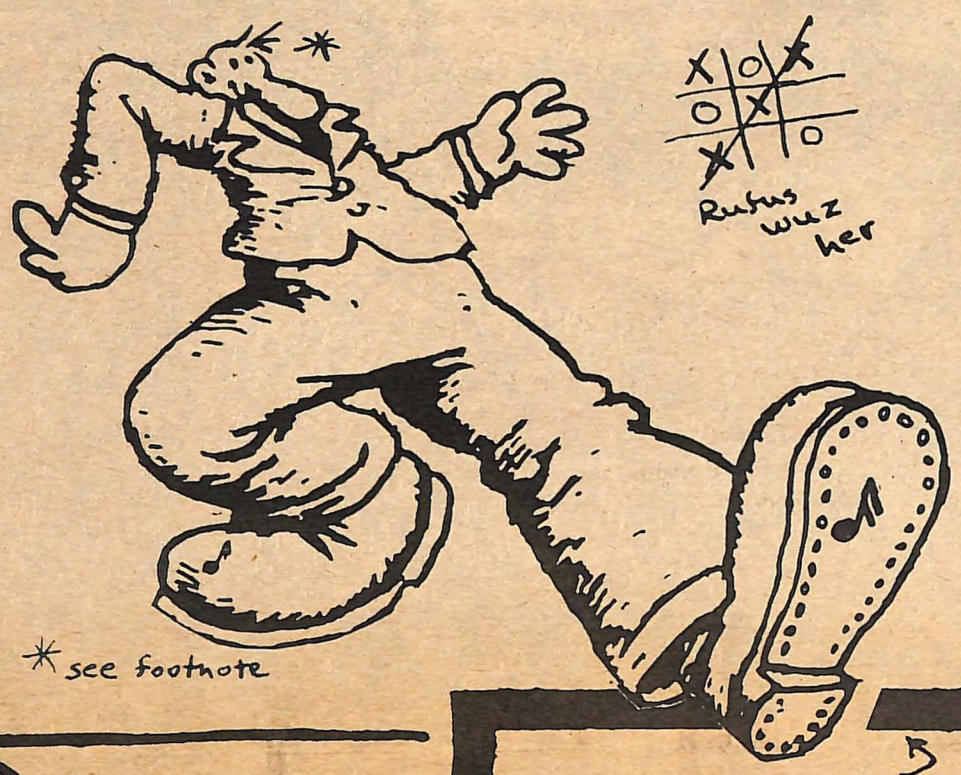
Looking for apt. to share, cheap & nice. Call Barbara 865-3016.

For sale. Guild Starfire III
Like new with hard shell case.
$175 or best offer.
Contact Joe Fleishman
389-1098 mornings.

Have opportunity for huge house in East Haven. Need roommates who have transcended drugs and have bread. P.S. We can play music there. Call Peter
288-2932



want ads in the view are free except for money-making businesses--those are $.50/line or $2.50/column inch for display.



Guitar. Baldwin Hollow Body electric and Vox amp with reverb. $120 for both or $60 each. Jim Garvey, 932-0881

Kent 4-piece drum set with cymbal & hi-hat--$100.00 Sansui SP-300 3-way speaker system. Lists $180, sell $50.00. Call 469-2650.

Find your place in the Universe. Harmonic Astrologer and Taroist. Call Larry 776-7895.

Veneeremos Brigade members who cut sugar cane in Cuba, can speak to all groups. Contact 787-0123.

Study flute - private lessons with professional flutist - call 624-1632

FREE - 2 cute kittens. 288-6364

Interested in helping start or have your children attend a morning play group or workshop for young children? Call Free School, 865-6706 or Jan Herrick 776-8227

needed - funky people for instant insanity. Must be able to hold their dope. Visit us at 532 State St.

Sony 350 Tape deck, $145 with tapes. 562-5354 - anytime

Amateur drummer, bass player seek guitarist to jam with & share top floor beach house at 184 Cosey Beach Ave. Have large attic for sessions. Rent is $58.33 for August, $44 thereafter. Call Len or Dave at 469-4076.

OUR FOOD SHOP 1241 Chapel St. Open all day long, all week. Macrobiotic and organic foods. 865-9864.

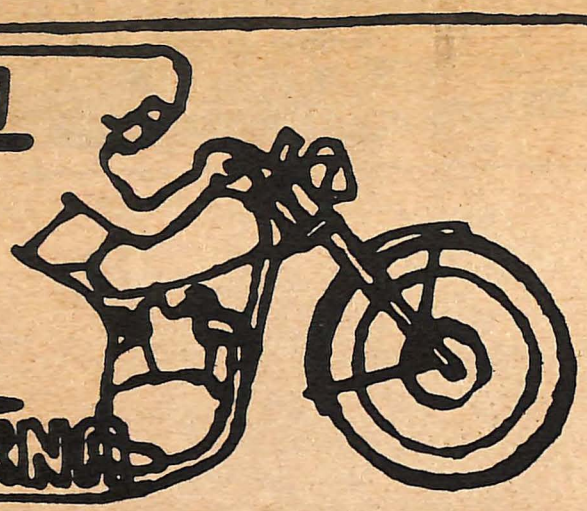
16-year old organist (3 years exp.) wants to join group for heavy sounds. Don't bother if you're not really serious about the stuff you're doing. Call 758-2154 ask for Rich.

SANDALS Custom made, high quality leather. They are made to fit and they wear for years. $15 a pair. Call 562-7609.

I need space for doing artwork. call 865-3161 Rm 214.

NEW (almost) Gibson ES-335-TDC, best offer over $250, 865-6222, call soon cause we need bread bad.

TRIUMPH
HONDA
OSSA
PENTON
HUSQVARNA



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ALSO: REPAIRS ON FOREIGN CARS

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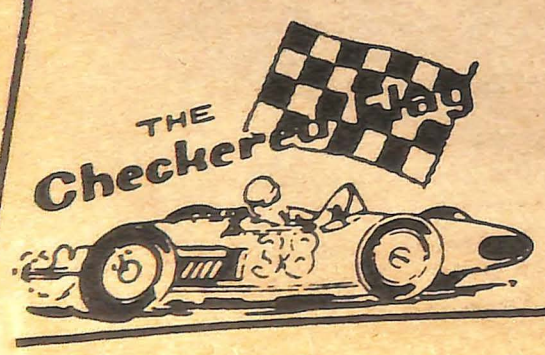

For Information Call 562-2134
61 Whalley Ave.

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STEREO
wake up with
Ron Berger
6 a.m.–Noon
ROCK
105.9 FM

PLEASURES

PHONE NUMBERS

Advocate Press	777-0900
Alternate School System	288-3604
AIM	777-0123
Black Panther Party	562-7463
Bread and Roses	787-5049
Cosmic Labs	393-1226
Dwight Hall	436-1480
Exit	777-8900
Free School	865-6706
Liberation School	787-5462
Middle Earth	776-1150
NH Draft Info Center	624-6657
Number Nine	787-2127
Unschool	562-1030
View from the Bottom	865-2486

Saturday, Sept. 12:

6:00-midnight outdoor concert at Southern with:
Jake's Hope *Jasper Wrath*
Harvey *Ed Askew*
Mike & Orin Bolotin
Jack Slack *John Bull*
Play: Zoo Story New Student Week
Afterlight

TB Chest X-Ray Clinic, Mondays and Thursdays, 11:00–1:00, Thursday evenings 7–9, 1 State Street, 1st floor.

Yellow Fever Clinic. By Appointment. Call 562-0151, ext. 437.

Free Immunization Clinic, primarily for New Haven pre-school and school children. Thursdays, 2–4, 1 State St., 1st floor. Polio, Small Pox, Diptheria, Whooping Cough and Tetanus.

VD Clinic, free to Greater New Haven residents; Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 10–12 noon and 4–5, 1 State Street, first floor.

Planned Parenthood Center, 406 Orange Street. Clinic hours: Monday evening, Wednesday afternoon and Friday morning. Medical services and supplies available; call for an appointment: 865-4250.

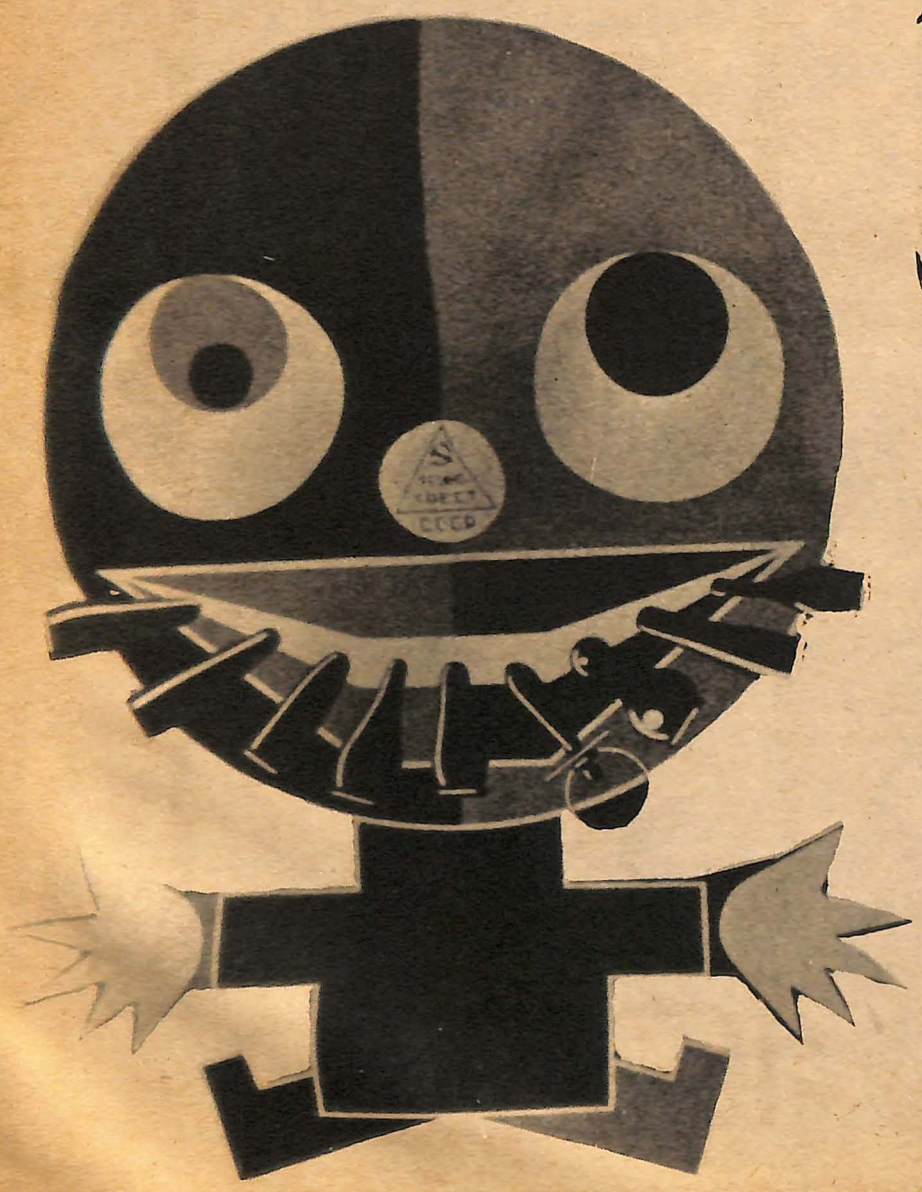
Department of Health Family Planning Clinic 46 Webster Street, New Haven. Clinics also held at the Skill Center, Quinnipiac Terrace, Rockview, and Brookside Medical services and supplies available, Fee: $1.00. Call for appointment: 776-8763.

EXIT

Thurs.	Sept. 10	*Folk Music, .75*
Fri.	Sept. 11	*Milk Wood Tapestry, $1.50*
Sat.	Sept. 12	*Fancy, $1.50*
Sun.	Sept. 13	*Jim Ground Rock Band, $1.50*
Mon.	Sept. 14	*Exit Players: Zoo Story, Still Alarm, $1.00*
Tues.	Sept. 15	
Wed.	Sept. 16	*Exit Players: Zoo Story, Still Alarm, $1.00*
Thurs.	Sept. 17	
Fri.	Sept. 18	*Dandelion Wine, Scotch, $1.50*
Sat.	Sept. 19	*Goodhill, $1.50*
Sun.	Sept. 20	*Live Jams by area performers, .75*
Mon.	Sept. 21	*Poetry, .50*
Tues.	Sept. 22	*Staff Meeting*
Wed.	Sept. 23	*Discussions*
Thurs.	Sept. 24	*Folk Marathon*
Fri.	Sept. 25	*Folk Marathon*
Sat.	Sept. 26	*Black Cat Blues Band, $2.00*
Sun.	Sept. 27	*Live Jams by area performers, .75*
Mon.	Sept. 28	*Political Dance by Joan Stone*
Tues.	Sept. 29	*Political Dance by Joan Stone*
Wed.	Sept. 30	*Political Dance by Joan Stone*

CHICKENS

HIT



Anyone witnessing an arrest being made on Saturday, Aug. 29 at 5:30 p.m. on Elm St., near Church St., by two big detectives in dark suits on one man please contact the View.

I am also looking for the photographer who copped pictures on Court St. that same day and time and the same arrest.

If anybody has information or leads please call or contact the View.

Please help us.

YALE LAW SCHOOL STUDENT ASSOCIATION & COSMIC LABS

INVITE YOU TO THE

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 19 9 PM

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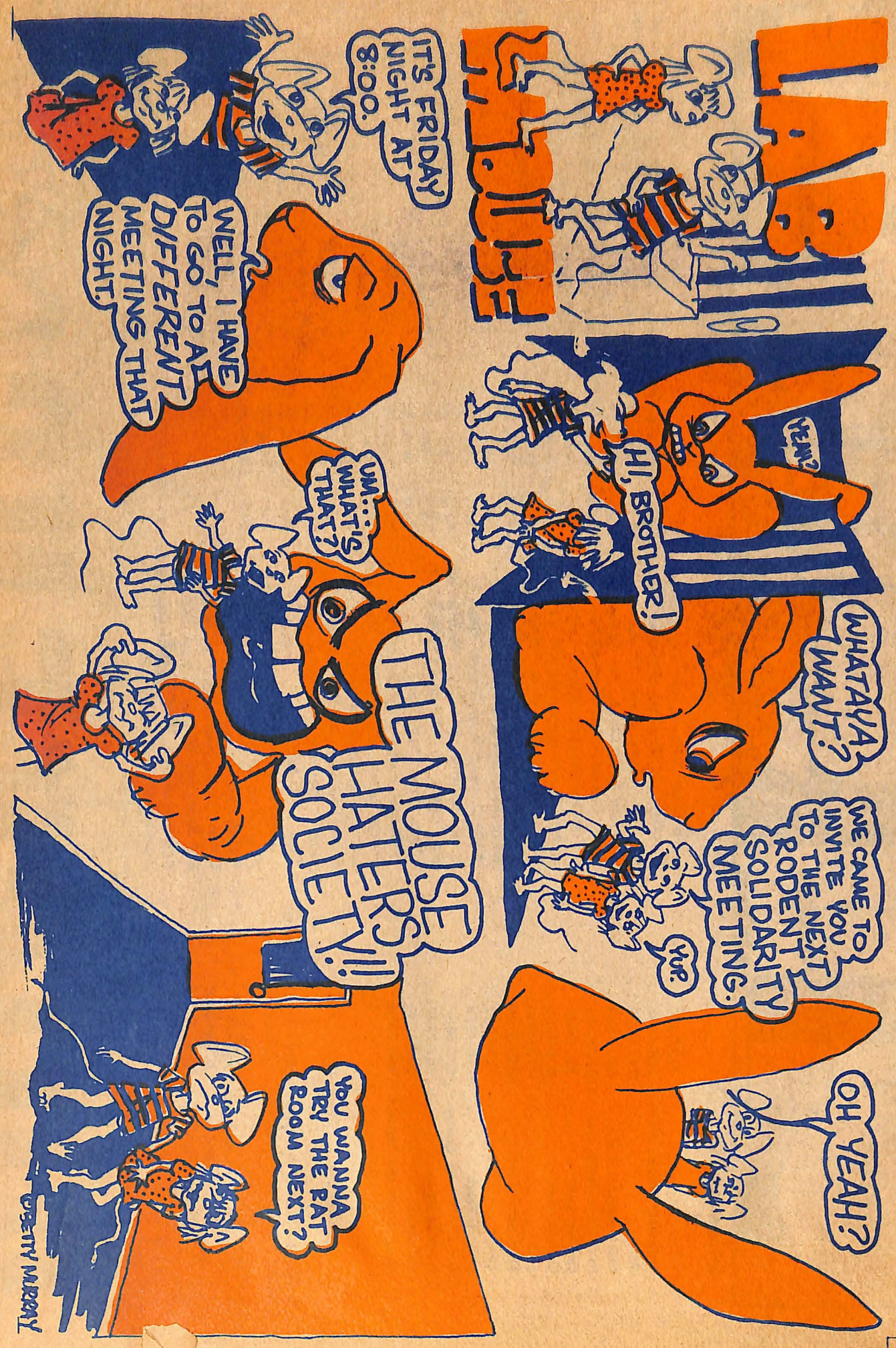
$3.25 in Advance from
HUNGRY CHARLIES in New Haven & U.F.O. in Hartford

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